

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

To the Laurier Government anent the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and with apologies to the late Mr. Longfellow:

"Give not the Pass," the wise man said,
"Dark lowers the people overhead;
The C. P. torrent is deep and wide,
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"The People."

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the C. P. avalanche"
Of cruel Monopoly.

It is extraordinary how people hang on to localities because they were born there, or some accident wrecked them there, or because they got a situation there, or got married there, or bought a house or went into business, or something of that sort. Often in a place which they would never have selected had a half a dozen other places been within view and afforded to them what seemed an equal opportunity, they stick like leeches and as if the world ended there. I have been through every province and territory of Canada, nearly every state and territory of the United States and Mexico, and through a good many other countries and islands, and I have never been quite able to express what peculiar thing it is, except "the small certainty," which ties thoughtful, capable and ordinarily courageous people to tasks, to towns, to tribulations, and to little communities which afford them no hope for anything but a scant living. You may meet anywhere in a hundred Canadian villages, physicians capable of taking charge of a big city practice, yet they toil along making from eight to twelve hundred dollars a year, some of them even less, often thinking, or never thinking perhaps, that there might be a larger niche somewhere in the world that they might occupy. They may go into politics and ruin themselves, they may do any of the local things that the local impulse may impel a man to do, but they scarcely ever think of moving to a better place. Probably they begin to think there is no better place, and that all life is hard and all places more or less inaccessible to the man who did not start there. To put it briefly, a man is apt to imagine that where he makes his start he must make his finish. He is apt to marry, and as his wife's people live where he is pegging his life out, naturally enough the wife clings to her family and to the people she knows.

You will find petty merchants in the same localities, all capable of doing large businesses, but quite satisfied to do very small ones—not satisfied perhaps, but feeling that they have given hostages to fate and must remain. Taken as a rule, these people stick to the place in which they started, as carefully as if they were ticket-of-leave men forbidden to go outside of a certain district. Talking about ticket-of-leave men, even thieves and murderers, and criminals of all sorts, hang about the old places as if they were the sweetest spots on earth, the only ones in which they could be happy. Even though their crimes "are as scarlet" and detection threatens them every day, they fear to venture further into the world, and if they go, almost invariably they come back, though coming back means discovery and punishment. Drive a man away from his country, either for political, personal or business reasons, and he will spend the balance of his life in plotting to get back. There is only one place for him, and that is home; and home is the place he is used to, no matter how mean or measly the place may be. It is like giving away a dog, and though he may be taken a couple of hundred miles away, the really good dog spends his whole time in getting back home, though if he knows anything it is to the effect that he will arrive at the old place an unwelcome guest, footsore and hungry, and liable to kicks and cuffs for his pains for the rest of his life.

Families are staying in towns and villages throughout Canada where there is very little hope of anything but the barest possible existence, and yet they aren't move. Young men are hanging about home who have no ties, and yet they would consider themselves above going on to a free-grant farm or into a mine—and be it remembered, Canadians, of all Anglo-Saxon people, are perhaps the most migratory. Invalids who are advised to try a change of climate, cling to the home-land and die, whereas they might have lived and been prosperous in some other climate. People say they are too old to seek fortune elsewhere, though healthy age, coupled as it generally is with wide experience, should be able to lead a family better than youth.

I am not necessarily deprecating this tendency to hang on, or, to put it in the ordinary phrase, to hang around; I am simply trying to point out the strength of the impulse which in ninety people out of a hundred would make them think a great many times over before they would leave the house, the street, the village and the acquaintances which seem to them all there is of life. Perhaps many of them would do no better anywhere. The old frontiersman who always moved on when he had neighbors within ten miles of him, never got rich, but he always lived the life that suited him, and it is very doubtful if among men more than one in ten finds a life that suits him. The nine old ones are the victims of circumstances and work out their period of life as they work from seven or eight in the morning until six at night. The task is not particularly pleasant or unpleasant, but they must work their full day

to get their pay, and they put in their full span of life and accept, as their pay, more or less certain food, raiment and shelter. They will admit that there is nothing in it if you ask them, and they are almost sure to coincide with you if you tell them that there is something better, but they are quite as absolutely certain to refuse to move. The old countries are full of men and women who have never been out of their native parish; there are many leading men in Canada who have never been out of the Dominion; in every township you can find men by the score who have never been out of their native county.

This sort of thing is supposed to be the outcome of civilization; people have ceased to be nomads, but after all it is the same old story of "a small certainty." The gypsy wanders all over the face of the earth and manages to make a good living; the Hebrew knows no country, and he is the greatest money-maker alive. But neither of these classes regard the little luxuries of life as necessary to their existence, nor

as well as the nations of the earth would be engaged in a fierce and unending struggle for the division of every desirable thing known to exist. We see a good example of the expensive and contumacious alertness of those who are not satisfied in the conduct of the nations who are not only busy in picking up little scraps of territory for themselves, but fiercely and eternally vigilant that no one shall take any territory upon which they have a claim, or can even make a claim, and thus those lands upon which, by any juggling of words or twisting of treaties, they can establish the remotest and vaguest sort of a mortgage, become a scrapping ground. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent by these nations to maintain themselves as great powers, while smaller countries who live contiguous to the first-class ones are sometimes rendered bankrupt in holding their own. The safest of all the nations, however, are those whose territory is well defined, whose army and navy are small, and who make no pretensions to greatness or influence. Take, for instance, Holland, and

because he cannot help it; the Irishman because he always gets in a row and cannot back out; but everywhere the characteristics of the people have always blended into the story of the nation. Canadians are frugal, industrious, unobtrusive, and yet aggressive. The mixture of the various peoples who have come to Canada has produced a quiet money-lover who has, partially at least, lost his attachment to any one locality, and more or less to any one country. The development of the Canadian thus constituted has resulted in the youths of this country going out to seek their fortunes elsewhere to a greater extent than, according to population, has taken place in any country, except possibly in Ireland, where old feuds and natural causes made it impossible for a large population to survive.

In this country an enormous population could subsist in comfort, plenty, yes indeed, in wealth. That Canadians have not stayed at home in the proportion that other nationalities remain in the land of their birth, is probably

Can we not hope that the inherited and somewhat migratory impulse which took so many of our best Canadians away from us will some day bring many of them back, and that the tide will cease to run out from our shores, bearing our brightest youths with it? Nationally, as well as individually, Canada must feel the impulse. No matter how we may plow or sow; no matter how those who have always lived here may feel, it may as well be understood that Canada some day must, and will, feel that it is no longer a baby, but a grown-up youngster with impulses of its own, responsibilities of its own, and must do something to make a name of its own.

The alien labor law of the United States, made even more offensive and unneighborly by the Corliss Bill, can no longer be ignored by the Government of Canada and by Canadians individually. We are to be treated as a foreign, almost a hostile people. Against us there has been declared industrial war. The frontier is lined with pickets. A citizen of Windsor attempted the other night to cross to Detroit to visit a relative: he was searched, his explanation discredited, and back he was sent to the Canadian side of the river. The city of Windsor has spiritedly passed a by-law prohibiting the use of Detroit labor on civic works, and a motion calling upon the Dominion Government to retaliate with an alien labor law. Public opinion throughout Canada is responding to the Corliss Bill in emphatic terms, and if the Laurier Government wishes to entrench itself in the affections of the people, let it do something unclerly, let it raise its nose from the routine of ledger-keeping and make a courageous stroke in the game of statecraft. The Republic seems to regard Canada as a mendicant supported by the crumbs and crusts that fall from its table, and it is time to explode this myth. The resources, the potentialities of Canada, and the concessions given by us and accepted by citizens of the United States, are not understood or valued across the lines. There are no people in the world who howl louder when hurt than our Jingoistic neighbors, and the scream that would arise if Canada retaliated would astonish Washington.

The Buffalo Express gives the following answer to the suggestion that Canada may retaliate:

This is foolish talk. If any such scheme of retaliation is put in operation in Canada, it will only be necessary to strike the clause exempting railroad men from the effects of the Corliss bill out of that measure. The Canadians who want to earn our money while living in a foreign country might as well make up their minds to take their medicine. There is no effective way in which they can retaliate on us.

The Buffalo Express is in error. Canada can retaliate in several effective ways. To bring conviction home to the Express it may be pointed out that this country could impose a heavy duty upon such papers as the Express which flood Canada—papers which, to use its own word, are foreign papers, and, as shown by the above extract, are hostile in tone and antagonistic to all our sentiments and enterprises. Not only so, but such papers as the Express are printed on foreign-made paper, by foreign pressmen, on foreign presses; they are put in type by foreign printers, and coming in here compete with the products of patriot labor (to use an Englishism). If a Canadian paper were to gain a big circulation in the New England States, it would be legislated against without delay, but the Jingoism of the people makes such laws unnecessary. The self-respect of the Canadian public, however, will probably cause the Express to realize that it cannot kick its customers and retain their custom. That paper, while it endorses the work of De Barry at Buffalo and cheers the Corliss Bill, is sold every week on the streets of Toronto and other towns. It comes freely through our customs and is carried for nothing through our mails. If the spirit of the people is not sufficient to freeze out so impertinent an enemy, it is possible for the Government to shut it out. The many excursions that run to Buffalo from the Canadian side of the lake should be discontinued. The insults to our people should be resented. We could put an export duty on logs, on pulp wood, on nickel. We can sew up the miners who have flooded our western country. We can make the fisheries of North America practically our own for good. Even as regards trainmen, ugly action will be found to work both ways.

In view of the Corliss Bill, all the International Unions should be severed. By the alien law Canadian union men, despite their international unions, are treated as Chinese laborers. They are despised and driven back across the lines. They are deported as if they were criminals. This sort of thing cannot go on. We are being harried, ambushed, peppered at and plundered, and we cannot any longer preserve peace and our self-respect. We must show personal resentment, and as a nation must show some dignity and strength. The absurd notion of forty years ago still exists in Buffalo and Washington that Canada is a fishing settlement up north. A retaliatory labor law would soon show that a greater out-cry would arise south of the boundary line than north of it, for they have greater throat gear and thinner skins than we.

So long as action against Canada is understood to be an oppression of a helpless but stiff-necked people, it will continue; but when the real facts are brought out by retaliation, a new face will be put on the matter.

The story has been abroad that the milk from an unhealthy cow had been sold to a dairy in
Continued on Page Four.



McKEE RANKIN,

Who appears at the Toronto Opera House Next Week.

do they live in the false light of the eyes of their neighbors. They are particularly selfish, and they are not ashamed to leave a place and come back to it, though the average man if he makes a mistake and goes away from his village and returns without riches, has to meet the jeers of every lout who had not courage enough to explore. If people wandered more they might not be better off, but if the whole world were set agog and everybody was sent away from home, and no one lived more than a month in a place during a year, real civilization would receive more advancement, ideas would broaden to a greater extent, and the world would change in its manners and methods more within that twelvemonth than it has changed, socially at least, in a century. People might be poorer, but the general understanding of what is going on would be better. The question is: Do we want wealth or knowledge? Will we be satisfied with enough, or do we demand "extras?" We can always have enough to subsist upon, and to what extent do "extras" contribute to either our happiness or our usefulness? Nothing at all! The majority of ideals fix the world and its center. What we demand is really small. What we need is smaller.

It is perhaps fortunate that the great mass of people accept the littleness of life with so little questioning. If it were not so, the individuals

Belgium, and Denmark; they grow rich while other nations grow poor. Their success is owing to keeping out of the competition—to keeping out of politics, as it were.

The national attitude is typical of the attitude of the individual, and the farmer on his little dyke-protected patch of land is content to toil early and late and put away a few little gold pieces at the end of the year. Toil is the lot alike of man and woman; they scarcely ever think of emigrating, and the son's highest ambition is to inherit the poor little cottage of his father, and if possible to marry a wife with a few acres adjoining. A dish of thin soup, once in a long while a piece of boiled beef, a piece of bread, and a little cabbage or a few onions, support in health and strength the farmers of the low countries, and perhaps wealth is gathering in those lands more rapidly per capita than almost anywhere else.

The French peasants are a very similar class of people, but they are emotional, patriotic, and their leaders have been aggressive and the nation loves glory. They have paid a great price for all the glory they have ever had, but the Frenchman loves to live and shout at home, even though the wealthy ones may travel a bit. The German is aggressive as well as frugal; so is the Scotchman. The Englishman is aggressive simply

traceable to the fact that their ancestors burst their original local ties and were prone to move occasionally, even after they had once settled, in search of a better place. Furthermore, Canadians have never acted together as a nation, and individuality of interests has notoriously controlled the people to a greater extent than a common impulse for a splendid future, for conquest, or for an aggressive policy looking towards the building up of the Dominion as a great power or influence amongst nations.

It cannot be denied that much has been done, that many sacrifices have been made and a great deal partially accomplished. The exodus of so many young men from Canada and the return of a portion of them has, thank heaven, instilled into those who now make up the majority, an idea that Canada is better in many respects than other countries, that money and homes can be made here, and the country itself can cut a large figure in the histories and geographies of the next century! All this has come slowly, but it has arrived, and instead of exploiting other countries, the brains and energy found in the Dominion in the closing years of this century are likely to be employed in enterprises which must be reasonably successful and result in attracting millions of men and money before the first decade of the twentieth century is concluded.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I.
—BY—
CELESTE ANTHONY HOPE
Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," &c.
(Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins.)

PART I.

MRS. NETTLETON, being of a cheerful disposition, limited her case against life to a mild complaint that it was not as amusing as it might be; it was not a tragedy to her, but a comedy; only the comedy was apt to flag. Even this murmur she uttered shamefacedly, since she was aware that she herself had rather handicapped life by marrying Mr. Nettleton. Yet, though Mr. Nettleton had been dead now three years, life had not improved much. It was still a little dull, and she, of course, still very sorry for her husband, although slightly resentful that everybody should consider her grief as no more than proper. Since she was young, pretty and merry, she felt sometimes that her grief was creditable, and not merely proper. There was something annoying in the way in which her relatives, both by blood and affinity, acquiesced in a lifelong mourning for her while they were doing their best to enjoy themselves very handsomely. True, they were not widows, but even in India (Mrs. Nettleton understood) suttee was abolished.

Her brother-in-law Fred was an exception. To him she was indebted for such gaiety as fell to her lot, and for her occasional escapes from an atmosphere too reminiscent of Mr. Nettleton. Fred had been very fond of his brother, who had striven to promote his wife's pleasure while he lived, would not grudge her a little recreation after his death. He did not agree with the idea that by dying we acquire, or indeed should be indulged in, a posthumous habit of reproachful selfishness. At this time he had expressed his opinion so forcibly as to extort from his mother, with whom Marcia and he had been staying in the country, the concession that there was nothing very shocking in a two or three days' bicycle excursion; he and Marcia would look after one another very well, the country was distant and retired; two days out and two days back would be a charming trip for Marcia. Mrs. Nettleton, senior, yielded with some doubts and reluctance. The pair set



But which one was the road?

forth in high spirits, having arranged means whereby their luggage should meet them at their nightly stopping-places. Their only fear was lest the luggage should fail them; that they themselves should be defaulters had not come into their heads.

Such an occurrence had, however, suggested itself to Fate. On the evening of the second day, about eight o'clock, when rain was falling heavily, the roads turning to bogs, and they still, as they believed, ten or twelve miles from their destination, a complication of misfortunes overtook Fred's bicycle. Suddenly it appeared to do and suffer everything which bicycles should not. The result was that Fred was thrown into a ditch, and the machine itself settled down on the road in pathetic and obvious helplessness. Marcia, having surveyed it for a moment, felt inclined to cry; she was so wet.

"You must take mine," she said, with a shiver. "Ride on to the inn and send a carriage for me. It'll only take about—about two hours." She endeavored by her tone to impart an unreal shortness to this space of time.

"You'd catch your death," said Fred in contemptuous affection. "You must ride on, and I'll follow with the beastly thing. The trap'll meet me. The road's quite straight; you can't miss it. What? Look odd you arriving alone? All right—if you'd rather stay here all night."

Mrs. Nettleton decided to risk the impression which she might create by arriving unattended, listened carefully to more directions about the road, and left Fred trying to light his pipe from a box of sodden matches. As she plowed off through the mud, it struck her that after all there was no unseemly riotousness of mirth about this expedition.

Now a road may seem very straight to persons intimately acquainted with it and yet appear to a stranger rich in possible and seductive alternatives. After about two miles this particular road branched into two. The road might be straight, but which was the road? So far as Marcia could see an equal amount of divergence was involved in going either way. However, after long consideration, she made up her mind that she turned less aside by bearing to the left than by swerving to the right. Her opinion when formed became—as opinions will—at once a certainty; she could not suppose that anybody could be stupid enough to hold any other. She bore to the left, then she rode on for a great many miles, or so it seemed. It rained harder than ever; she dripped from head to foot; mud slashed about the reluctant wheels of her bicycle. She dismounted, decid-

ing that it had been a mistake to force her mother-in-law into an approval of this mad jaunt.

"I could cry," she declared as she shook herself and felt the spray from her clothes flying around her.

In dogged obstinacy she began to walk up a long steep hill, dragging the bicycle with her. She seemed to get no nearer the top; the bicycle appeared to engage itself in a persistent effort to roll down to the bottom. She remembered with vain regret the days when she considered bicycling an unladylike pursuit. Prejudices are no doubt properly condemned, but they save many a disenchantment.

"Thank heaven!" said Marcia, "there's a house! I don't suppose it's an inn, but if they're Christians they'll dry me and send something to pick up Fred."

The house to which she referred stood a little way back from the road. At the very first glance it had an air of comfort, of warmth, of a thing even more precious at the moment—absolute dryness. Marcia pushed on at a quicker pace and turned in through the gate. No dog barked inhospitably. She felt as though she would be welcome.

"After all," she reflected, "I'm rather a nice person to turn up out of the night like this!" But a revulsion of feeling followed quickly. "What a fright I must look! I hope there won't be a party."

Leaning her bicycle against the doorpost, she rang the bell. The pause that followed plunged her into a nervous and apologetic condition; the conviction of frightfulness grew stronger; her fringe hung in damp strings, her skirt clung around her in an affectionate but unbecoming manner; she felt sure that her face was streaky. And it would undoubtedly look queer that she should arrive alone. These circumstances reduced her to a state of intense embarrassment, which was not lessened when the door opened and revealed a young and good-looking man in evening dress.

"Is your master at home?" she blurted out. "For the time I am my own master," was the answer, given in smooth, polished and pleasant tones. "May I ask—?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I—I thought—oh, well, I mean, one of our bicycles has broken down and—I'm Mrs. Nettleton, you know, and I've lost my way; and Fred's somewhere back on the road, and—oh, dear, I'm so wet!"

The young man smiled very pleasantly. "I understand perfectly," said he. "Believe me, I shall be delighted to assist you. You must come in and get dry."

"And you'll send for—?"

"I'll send for your husband as soon as I can." Marcia smiled; it was very amusing that Fred should be taken for her husband, a boy like Fred! But she did not undecieve her host. Perhaps it was as well as it was. She would tell him later on, when Fred came. Meanwhile the little deception was rather fun.

"This is yours?" the young man asked, laying his hand on the bicycle. "I'd better bring it in, hadn't I?" He brought it into the hall, and, after an examination of it, looked up, smiling, as he observed: "This one seems right enough, Mrs.—er—Nettleton."

He seemed pleased to see her. Not surprise which she had anticipated, not amusement which she had dreamed, but simple gratification inspired the smile which lit up his handsome features as he ushered her into the hall. The house was delightfully warm and dry. Marcia sighed with contentment.

"It's so kind of you," she murmured gratefully, with a glance at his face.

"I'm delighted," said he. "The trap shall go and fetch Mr. Nettleton as soon as possible." He smiled pleasantly, repeating, "as soon as possible." Then he added: "Meanwhile you must change your things."

"Oh, but I've no luggage."

"That's all right," he assured her. "There's everything you want here."

"He's married," Marcia decided in a satisfaction just vaguely touched with disappointment. Raiment was assured at the cost of romance. Well, the world is what it is, and Marcia was wet.

They passed into the dining-room. The table was spread, places for two being laid. The young man rang the bell. A maid-servant of mature years and most respectable aspect appeared. Marcia turned toward her rather defiantly; she was thinking of what the maid would certainly be thinking. But the maid looked merely deferential.

"Mrs. Nettleton will change in the blue room," said the young man; "and supper in half an hour."

"Yes, sir. Will you step this way, ma'am?" said the maid.

Marcia followed her, rather surprised that nothing was said about the mistress of the house. Supper was laid for two!

"Susan!" called the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Nettleton will select whatever she likes. I suppose everything is ready?"

"In the blue room, sir?"

"Yes."

"Oh, certainly, sir."

The young man laughed. Susan's face seemed to hint a protest, but she said nothing more. Marcia followed her with a renewed feeling of bewilderment. If there were a mistress of the house, where was she? If there were not—

"This is the room, ma'am," said Susan. "You'll find everything you want, I think."

Everything that anybody could want seemed to be in that most charming blue room. The fire burned bright, the toilet-table gleamed with silver brushes and the accompanying furniture; a beautiful tea-gown draped the sofa; a pair of silk stockings warmed on a screen by the fender. Marcia turned enquiring eyes on Susan; Susan was taking articles of clothing from a drawer, dry, clean, dainty articles, and disposing of them on chairs.

"Will you take a bath, ma'am?" asked Susan. Marcia resigned herself to the unexpected. There seemed a magical readiness for her; the fancy occurred to her that indiscreet questions might have some such effect as she had read of in fairy tales, that inquisitiveness would bring its penalty, the house, the blue-room, the warm stockings, the bath vanish, and she be left again, dank and weary, on the muddy road.

"Yes, I would like a bath," said Marcia.

Was it all a dream? At least the tea-gown was a dream. So Marcia declared as she put it on and studied its effect in the pier-glass. It fitted her so well—a little tight, perhaps, but what of that? Its red suited her dark hair admirably; really, she had never looked better! And what a perfect maid Susan was! Who could question such a paragon?

(To be continued.)

British America Assurance Company

SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the shareholders was held at the company's office, Toronto, on Thursday, February 18th.

The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as Secretary, read the following ANNUAL REPORT:

The directors have pleasure in submitting herewith the financial statement of the company for the year ending December 31, 1896.

The premium shows a moderate decrease compared with the figures of the preceding year. This is attributable to the reduction in insurable values consequent upon the disturbance in general business caused by the Presidential election in the United States, and to the reduced volume of business transacted in the marine and inland departments.

The profit shown on the year's business is \$61,271.70, and, after providing for two half-yearly dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, the reserve fund of the company has been increased to \$528,883.84. The amount estimated as necessary to cover liability on unexpired policies has, owing to the smaller business transacted, been reduced \$11,101.41, and the net surplus, over capital and all liabilities, shows an increase for the year of \$19,873.20.

The directors desire to express their appreciation of the services of the officers and agents of the company during the past year.

Summary of financial statement:

Premium income, less reinsurance..... \$1,482,080 94
Interest account..... 43,624 08

Total income..... \$1,525,705 02

Losses incurred..... \$ 950,183 33
Expenses of management, including commissions, taxes and other charges..... 514,249 90

Dividends to shareholders..... \$ 52,500 00

Total assets..... \$1,436,958 84
Total liabilities (including capital stock)..... 908,075 00

Reserve funds..... \$ 528,883 84
Cash capital..... 750,000 00

Security to policyholders..... \$1,278,883 84

The President in moving the adoption of the report said: I desire to add a few words concerning the business of the company during the past year. The three annual reports I have had the honor of submitting to the shareholders have in each case showed an increase in the premium income of the company. This year, however, has been an exception to the rule; there has been a falling off—though not a serious one—some \$25,000, as compared with the business of the year 1895.

As you are aware, a large proportion of our revenue is derived from our agencies in the United States, and I need scarcely remind you that during the closing months of 1896 the disturbed state of political and financial affairs had a marked effect upon the general trade of the country. Owing to the nature of the main questions at issue between the two political parties in the recent Presidential election business interests were affected to probably a greater extent than in any previous contest. The volume of trade showed a serious diminution in almost every branch, particularly in the amount of importations and the product of manufactures. As a natural result insurable values were materially diminished, and the premium income of fire insurance companies generally doing business in the United States shows a corresponding falling off.

I may say here that while it is to be regretted that the revival in trade which it was anticipated would set in after the question at issue had been settled by the popular vote has not yet materialized to any appreciable extent, it is gratifying to note that there is a growing feeling of confidence in financial circles, which may be regarded as the first essential to a return of commercial and industrial prosperity. It is certainly a matter for congratulation that we have passed through this period of depression without that increase in the fire losses of the country which frequently accompanies such conditions, and that a very satisfactory profit has been realized upon our United States business.

In the Canadian fire department I am pleased to be able to say that our premium income again shows a moderate gain over that of the year 1895, as well as a profit upon the year's transactions. It will be gratifying to everyone interested in the company to note that the British America is attaining in the field of fire underwriting in the Dominion that position which, as one of the oldest financial institutions in the country, we have always felt it should occupy. In this connection I may say—without the intention of doing so—that we have the year now under review—that we have recently assumed the Canadian business of the Agricultural Insurance Company of Waterloo, N.Y., having reinsured all its outstanding risks in Canada. While the amount involved is not large, we believe that this will bring us some additional connections which may prove desirable and profitable.

Taken as a whole, our fire business for the past year exhibits very satisfactory and encouraging results, but in our marine department I regret to say that the losses incurred have been considerably in excess of what might have been expected from the conservative lines upon which we are conducting this branch of our business.

During the past year I have had opportunities of visiting some of our more important agencies, and I have been most favorably impressed with the representation which the company has secured throughout both Canada and the United States. I feel that in the Managers of our branch offices, our corps of special agents or inspectors, as well as in the local agents representing us in the cities I have visited, we are fortunate in having in the service of the company men possessing in an eminent degree the qualities essential to success in the business in which we are engaged.

The Vice-President, Mr. J. J. Kenny, seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and directors for their services during the past year.

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as directors for the ensuing year: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q.C., L.L.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, A. Myers.

At a meeting held subsequently Hon. Geo. A. Cox was elected President, and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President.

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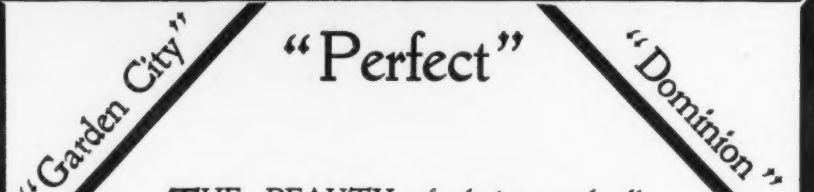


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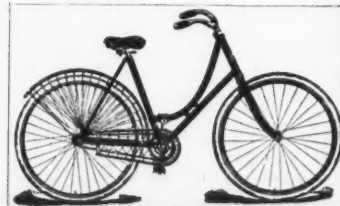
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New Canadian Historical Novel.

The Toronto publisher, William Briggs, announces for issue during the present month a story by Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, entitled *The Forge in the Forest: Being the Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart, and How he Crossed the Black Abbe*; and of his Adventures in a Strange Fellowship. The story has been illustrated by the well-known artist, Mr. Henry Sandham, R.C.A., and will be issued in paper and in cloth covers. An original cover design for the Canadian edition has been made by Miss Jean Carré, of New York, whose design for Mr. Roberts' *Earth Enigmas* was considered one of the most striking of the year.

The scene of this story is laid in the region about Grand Pré and Blomidon, which is watered by the storied Gaspeau and its four sister streams. The time is 1746-47, about eight years before the expulsion of the Acadians, and a foreshadowing of that great tragedy falls at times across the page. The story is one of love and romance, of stirring adventure and heroic action.

And There are Others.

An old farmer went into a grocer's shop, says *Tit-Bits*, and ordered a sovereign's worth of goods. When they were ready for delivery, he laid down a couple of half-crowns in payment.

"This isn't enough," called the shop assistant, as the old farmer was about to leave.

"Oh, yes; that's all right," replied the customer. "I've got permission from the judge to pay five shillin' in the pound."

The farmer had lately settled an insolvency upon this basis, and expected to continue that method indefinitely.

A Slow Recovery.

N. Y. Truth.

Clerk—I throw all business off my mind as soon as I leave the office at night.

Employer—I wish you could manage to throw it on a little quicker in the morning.

Is Inebriety a Disease?

This is a question of interest not only to those actively engaged in temperance reform, but to every thinking man and woman, for it is a sad truth that there are few families into which, either directly or indirectly, sorrow has not been brought by means of drink.

If results justify belief in the agencies which bring them about, the question asked above must be answered affirmatively. Our investigations assure us that the claims made for the Keeley medical treatment for inebriety—the permanent removal of the craving for drink from more than three hundred thousand persons, are well authenticated. We may be sure that when Miss Willard of the W.C.T.U. gives her endorsement to this treatment, it is not done without knowledge. Men like Talmage, Parkhurst, Lorimer, Archbishop Ireland and others, whose names are household words and who have commended the work of Dr. Keeley in unmeasured terms, cannot be suspected of other than the loftiest motives.

It is unfortunate that until quite lately there has been no Keeley Institute in Ontario, for hundreds of men seeking release from their terrible bondage have been deceived into committing themselves to the care of the so-called "cures" which have sprung up to impose upon the unwary. But this misfortune need not continue. A genuine "Keeley Institute"—by which name all the establishments are known which are certificated by Dr. Keeley—has been opened in the splendid mansion at No. 582 Sherbourne street, Toronto. We have visited the Institute, have seen the letters patent under which it operates, and know, therefore, that the treatment there administered is identical with that employed by Dr. Keeley himself, and that the remedies are obtained direct from the Doctor's own laboratories. We know also that it is the only establishment in Ontario where this treatment can be administered.

The Institute is open to visitors at all times, and callers or correspondents will be supplied with descriptive literature which is interesting in the highest degree.

The Boxing Contests

held recently, and the audiences attracted prove the large number of sportsmen the city possesses. Every true sportsman desires the best to be had in tobacco, and Muller's, nine King street west, is the best place to have the demand supplied.

DEPARTMENTAL STORES.

Is the Departmental Store a Legitimate Enterprise? Is the Development of such an Institution a good thing for the City of Toronto and the Province of Ontario? Or is it simply a new and clever Device whereby a Monopoly of Capital may extort the Greatest Profit from the Greatest Number?

NO. III.—THE RELATION OF A MAN TO HIS NEIGHBORS.

WHEN a man dies and the man who lived next door comes forward and says, "He was a good neighbor," there remains very little more to be said about the deceased in the way of praise. No higher certificate of character could very well be given. The man next door had "neighbored" with him in the back yard as well as on the front stoop, and if there had been anything nasty about the late lamented gentleman the man next door would have found it out to his cost. A good neighbor is one who does not steal your wood, nor poison your dog, nor smash the fence for kindling, nor make noises in the night, nor let his hens into your flower-beds, nor tell tales of your private affairs. A good neighbor is one with whom you are on reciprocal terms in all the courtesies of life—exchange for each other's advantage all sorts of conveniences, doing for each other many thoughtful little things.

A good neighbor does not merely stand on his own lot and refrain from doing you injury. You work each other mutual good. If your house catches fire he rushes in and warns you. He piles in with an enthusiasm equal to your own to quench the fire or to save your goods from loss.

He does this because he knows you well, likes you and has your real welfare at heart. Moreover, your welfare and his own are inseparably locked together, because if your house is burned down his own will almost undoubtedly be consumed also. Even if his house is far enough away to be out of danger, the value of his home will be reduced if your house is replaced by a cellar full of ashes and burnt timbers. The proprietor of the departmental store is not your neighbor.

Ten years ago there were great stretches of commons lying north, east and west of what was then the city of Toronto. Since then, these commons have been built up with residences and places of business. Take Spadina avenue north of Knox College, for instance. That was open country not long ago—now it is a town of itself. Those who own property there are interested in the values of lands and houses. Those who live there are interested in the conveniences of the neighborhood. The drug store is a convenience. If a member of the family takes ill in the night, you can go there and rouse the druggist from his sleep to get you what is needed. If you wish to find anyone's address you go to the drug store to consult the city directory. You use his telephone now and then; you buy postage stamps there. He is a member of your church near by and contributes to its support. He pays local improvement taxes and helps to make the street smooth for your carriage or your bicycle. He is your neighbor. You are useful to each other in ways you do not pause to consider.

Yet when you go to a departmental store to buy your perfumes, or soaps, or patent medicines a few cents cheaper than he offers them, you destroy the vitality of your own neighborhood. If his business declines, he must reduce his expenditures; he must give less to the local church and its schemes, less to local charities; he must shut his hand. If he is forced to assign, the local butcher and baker get only 30c. on the dollar for what he owes them. Then they, too, must hedge and scrape to make up this loss. But perhaps you or your son or your brother may clerk in a downtown wholesale where that druggist had an account. That wholesale house gets only 30c. on the dollar from that druggist, and ten other druggists having similarly been forced to assign in ten other parts of the city, it follows that the wholesale house must assign also, and all its clerks and travelers be thrown out of employment. The trade cannot absorb them all. The rate of salaries is reduced by the fact that these expert applicants are trying to wedge in somewhere. One wholesale failure causes other houses to cut down expenses—they grow timid and parsimonious. They dismiss a couple of travelers. They double up work in the office and let men go. To follow through all their ramifications the consequences of these failures would be impossible, but it is safe to say this, that a tremor goes through every part of the business body of this city of Toronto.

But to get back to your locality. There is an empty building there now instead of a drug store. The druggist, the telephone, the postage stamps, the estimable citizen and his family have moved away. The locality is that much poorer, that much less convenient to live in, that much less important as a portion of the city; it is a limb that trails dependent upon the trunk of the town. The loan company that has had the vacant store thrown on its hands, resists any attempt to have the street repaved. Those who used to come from another quarter to that drug store, now go elsewhere—passing other bake shops, other grocery stores, other meat stores. Some day they pause and deal in one of these, and are perhaps lost to the locality as purchasers within its area.

The policy that can thus kill a drug store can kill off any other kind of local store, and the injury is almost as great. The concern that was patronized in preference to the local stores has no memory for faces. You may deal there twenty years, yet if you lose your situation and are penniless in the middle of winter you could not get a loaf of bread on credit. Whether you flourish or perish is all one to the unseen power that owns the departmental store. It recognizes only one face—the face of the Queen on coin of the realm.

Take a town fifty miles from Toronto. If you pay the local merchant ten dollars for an overcoat, perhaps he pays it to the doctor for

attendance, he to the druggist for drugs, he to the butcher for meat, he to the farmer for mutton, he to a laborer for digging a well, he to another, and so that ten-dollar bill serves the purposes of trade in and around that town indefinitely. But if you send it away to a departmental store for an overcoat, that other overcoat lies on the local merchant's shelf, and that ten-dollar bill may never again enter your community.

The real value of this point lies in the fact that the profit in the sale of the overcoat goes to an institution in a distant city—an institution that has nothing in common with you—and that profit is lost to the merchant who helps to keep up your schools and churches, your sidewalks and roads, the man to whom you can appeal in an emergency to play the part of a neighbor.

In the year 1870 less than 10 per cent. of the population of Canada dwelt in cities, and in 1890 the rate had grown to nearly 29 per cent.

This change was largely due to the development of agricultural machinery no doubt, yet if rural Ontario is to be deprived of a large and ever-growing percentage of its people, and if on top of this the cities are to draw away from the dwindling towns and villages an ever-increasing share of their shrinking trade; and if the cities, growing ever more populous and dominant in the trade of the whole province, are to contain only three or four mammoth stores instead of three or four hundred, have we not here all the materials for such a monopoly as the world has never seen?

What is to prevent a dozen millionaires forming a company to operate a chain of stores from one end of Canada to the other, with a total capital of forty or fifty millions of dollars? Once the city of Toronto is at the mercy of three or four stores, it will be easy for them to secretly unite whilst keeping up a sham fight to deceive the public. Against such a tremendous combination of capital and against such an organization, no new store could make any headway. Having a monopoly here a move could be made on, let us say, London. In order to batter down all existing business houses there, the millionaires' combine could put in an enormous stock, advertise lavishly, and actually sell goods for less than cost, and lose five hundred thousand dollars in crowding all opposition aside. They would regard this as the cost of the franchise. And it would be worth the money.

Having conquered London and laid all Western Ontario under tribute, the company could speedily restore to capital account all that the franchise had cost, and then, pursuing the same tactics, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and a dozen other cities could be moved upon in succession, laid waste and remade to suit these new proprietors of the earth and its fulness.

In the light of what we have already seen in Toronto, is there anything impossible in this unpleasant picture?

It is the privilege of sensible men to reflect upon the conditions that threaten us. If you are not conscious that this rapidly growing monopoly in the mercantile trade has so far injured you, it would be wise to enquire if your turn may not come next. Are you not blaming on "the hard times" some of the things directly caused by the fact that the trade that was once diffused over the whole city is now concentrated on a few acres in its center, and that the profits that were once divided among a hundred houses now enrich only two or three?

Where are the carpenters who a few years ago were almost constantly employed in building stores in all corners of the city? Some of them are idle; some have left the city; some have entered other lines of employment, causing labor to become a drug on the market and wages to fall.

Where are those who once occupied the now vacant little stores? They, too, have joined the crowded ranks of the work-seekers.

What does it profit a man that his wife can get bargains if he can no longer get work?

The price of labor and the price of all things produced by labor, watch each other with eyes that never wink, and they rise and fall together, like the face of a man and its reflection in a mirror.

There may be one bargain day in the week for the wife of the workingman, but every day in the year is bargain day for the owner of a departmental store when he buys products of labor to sell over his counters.

I am told that when a great company was organized in San Francisco to run a monster departmental store, all the manufacturing houses, real estate, loan, insurance and other companies, and private employers who expected to be injured, simultaneously discharged all their employees, and re-engaged them on an agreement to pay each one so much wages on condition that the employee should not spend or allow any part of his wages to be spent in a departmental store. This sounds like a boycott, and it would hardly be legal under our law, but I mention it because the plan was successful and the great store "played to an empty house." It shows that one city at least realized in time the danger that threatened it.

Chicago and the State of Illinois are undertaking to get up a scale of licenses that will wipe out the departmental stores.

In the State of New York a bill will come before the Legislature, aiming to remedy the evil.

The Legislature of Minnesota is at present conducting an investigation of the evil.

In Canada we can perhaps correct matters without the passing of arbitrary laws. If an exposure is made of the way in which the public is deluded into the belief that it is get-

ting "bargains," there may be a return of good sense. I shall hold a bargain day myself in our next issue.

MACK.

The (Commercial) Traveler.

A PARODY.

For Saturday Night.

Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow,
Does not apply to the traveler I know.
Where'er he roams, whatever realms to see,
His heart so traveled never turns to thee,
The faithful girl he leaves behind,
But easy compensation does he find.
Blest is the spot where burns the old log flame,
Where one can sit and have a little game,
Every stranger ready finds a chair,
And all night opens jack-pots with a pair;
Straddles the ante and pays up his dues
With a flutter of cheques and I. O. U's,
Like some lone miser watching his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er.
When daylight breaks he leaves the village board,
Comes back to town, blows in his little hoard.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides this smooth current of domestic joy.
Toronto, Feb., '97. F. M. P.

On the Trail.

Life.

Mr. Dyer—Where is the bargain counter?
The Floor-Walker—There are several. What are you looking for?
"I'm looking for my wife."

The Canon's Tip.



HIGH dignity of the English Church connected with St. Paul's Cathedral went with his family to Egypt for a holiday journey, says *Youth's Companion*. He planned a boating trip up the Nile, and hired a

dragoman to conduct the party. After their return to Cairo he settled the bill of expenses for the outing, and when everything had been arranged, gave the dragoman an unusually large present in money in recognition of his services and good conduct. The Egyptian received the gift with Eastern urbanity, and with many expressions of gratitude.

Not many hours afterward the good man related his experiences in his boating journey to an English acquaintance, and in response to direct questions explained how much the water trip had cost, the tip to the dragoman being included in the estimate. The English friend was surprised by the generosity of the final gift.

"It was a small fortune," he said, "to bestow upon a poor Egyptian. You may depend upon it that the dragoman had never received so large a tip before. He must have thought that you were an American millionaire instead of a working English clergyman."

The canon was somewhat disturbed by this revelation of his ignorance of Nile customs and his apparent recklessness in the use of money. Meeting the dragoman on the following day he heartily contrived to intimate that in settling the account he had been guilty of the indiscretion of overpayment for services rendered. The dragoman was polite in his replies and profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but gave no indication that he took the view of the transaction that was taken by the canon.

Finally, with a gracious smile, the good man said, "I overpaid you grossly, but you gave me faithful service and I do not regret it. I only hope that you have decided to make a good use of the small fortune which you have received."

"You may be sure that I have done so already," returned the Egyptian. "I have bought another slave-wife."

This was said with an air of self-satisfied virtue which fairly took away the good canon's breath and left him speechless. He had been



"REMINGTON" CYCLE SCHOOL

We have great pleasure in announcing that this favorite Bicycling Academy has been reopened for the season, and would cordially invite all intending learners to pay a visit of inspection.

It has been refitted and redecorated throughout, and is thoroughly equipped with every convenience for the comfort, safety and pleasure of patrons. Among these might be mentioned: Private dressing rooms for ladies, a cosy sitting-room, a spacious, well-lighted riding hall, the best of wheels to learn upon and a thoroughly qualified corps of instructors.

We would suggest to those who intend learning the advantage of making an early start before the Academy becomes too crowded.

For terms and particulars apply

M'DONALD & WILLSON

187 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

"COLUMBIA" "REMINGTON" & "M. & W." CYCLES

7

The Perfect Number denotes the Seven Components of PEACH BLOOM SKIN FOOD. Positively the Best Preparation for the Skin. It instantly relieves and permanently cures all skin troubles. It prevents the appearance of age, creates and preserves a good complexion, and is absolutely the only reliable Skin Tonic on the market. Price 50 cents at Drug Stores, or sent free on receipt of price.

Crown Medicine Company, Toronto.

unconsciously encouraging polygamy—and now does not relish any allusion to this experience in his holiday journey.

A Rich Vein.

Son—Say, dad, what makes the sky so yellow in the west to-night?

Dad—Don't know, but I guess it's the reflection from Rossland.

Bigger than Portsmouth.

A farmer, having a very large mouth, got into a quarrel once with a "Cheap-Jack" in a country town, says an English exchange. The vendor, angry at some personal remarks, looked at the farmer steadily for a few minutes, and then remarked: "Weel, I have seen

She Went to Extremes.

N. Y. Truth.

"Why did Gobang discharge his new stenographer? I thought he liked her."

"He did like her looks; but he said that she was so English that she dropped her h's when using the typewriter."

The Usual Thanks.

N. Y. Truth.

Guzzleton—Do you think that Wiggins is really your friend?

Gosling—I suppose so; he's always giving me disagreeable advice.

KETCHEM, SKINEM & COOKEM'S Mammoth Department Store

A VERITABLE MERCANTILE HOSPITAL

No. 4-11-44 Skin Street, cor. Humbug Avenue

We are in the Bargain Business. We also sell some goods at high prices to cover our Enormous Expenses. We shoe horses, run threshing machines, repair clocks, mend umbrellas, grind scissors, doctor furniture, peddle pills, keep a lively stable, conduct funerals, dig wells, sell cemetery lots, pull teeth, and sell some goods. We want to do all the business on earth. We want to close up all the local dealers. We want all the local stores to be vacant. We want to ruin trade in all locations—except ours. Owners of real estate ought to spend their last dollar with us, for we are ruining their property for business purposes on every street all over the city, except Skin Street, where our vast conglomeration of brick-a-brac is located. We sell \$10 worth of goods for 9c.; \$20 worth for 19c.; \$30 worth for 29c., and larger lots still higher. We sell 3 spools of thread for 1c. This sale takes place at 2 o'clock in the morning. Only 3 spools sold at that price. The lady who gets it will not be allowed to leave the store until she buys some more stuff so that we can get even. We sell wall paper at 1c. per roll. The purchaser has to buy 19 yards of border with every roll of paper at \$2.25 per yard. Everything else in proportion. We pay cash girls 30c. a month; best sales-ladies \$3 a week, and heads of departments \$3.50, but our iron-clad rules and system of fines generally bring them out in debt at the end of the week. The newspapers do not dare to say a word against us as we pay them thousands of dollars every month for advertising. Thousands of ladies visit our store every day, brought here by our cunning advertisements. Some of them buy something. We have opening sales, closing sales, enlarging sales, ensmalling sales, bankrupt sales, removal sales, repairing sales, fire sales, water sales, smoke sales, anniversary sales, calamity sales, reduction sales, alteration sales, birth sales, holiday sales, and sales. When we put up a new screen door we have an alteration sale. When we build a new coal box we have an enlargement sale. When we empty the garbage box we have a removal sale.

When one of our clerks stubs his toe we have a calamity sale until the toe gets well. By that time we have some other fake sale started up. It's a cold day when we don't have a sale of some kind every day in the week, every week in the month, every month in the year. Anything that happens on the globe we make the pretext for a losing money sale. We are here to humbug mankind and we do it. We pay enormous rents, immense advertising bills, and an army of clerks, bookkeepers, buyers, porters, watchmen, swab buckets, ropers-in, cleaners, sweepers, etc., etc., the pay for which comes out of our customers. So we really can afford to sell less than cost. We sell only for cash—bring your pocket-book with you. If you want credit go to your local dealer. Our own pickpockets go through every department every 15 minutes. Outside pickpockets must keep out. Watch our "bargains." If you haven't money to spend with us, borrow ten dollars from your local merchant and come on up. In case of fire we guarantee a first-class panic and thousands of people maimed for life—some killed. We shall shortly add a small-pox and cholera hospital and another department for measles and whooping cough. No extra charge for exposure to these diseases.

This is the largest store in the world. All department stores are. We have our plunder scattered over more than fifty acres of flooring. This is just as true as any other statement in this advertisement. The ladies—bless 'em—are our game. If it wasn't for them we couldn't make the thing work at all. Men are not so easily caught, but the women just fall into our trap by the thousand. We get bigger prices out of them for our truck than any small dealer would dare to ask. Darling woman! it is you that makes the department graft a possibility. To sum it all up, we are about the whole thing. Take a whole day, pay a lot of our fare, crowd in among a lot of bargain hunters, sweat, struggle, and wear yourselves out and get gloriously swindled on about all the old truck you buy. Then go home and expect your local dealer to patronize you when he wants anything in your line. We conclude this extraordinary advertisement with this stupendous offer. We present a grand prize contest open to all our customers. We will give \$10,000 (in trade) to the person sending us the largest number of words made out of the alphabet. All the letters may be used as many times as desired. Send ten type-written copies of each list. This contest runs indefinitely. At the end of that time the prize will be awarded. No such offer as this was ever made before and probably never will be again.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

Toronto, mixed with other milk and delivered for public use. There was much uneasiness caused by this rumor. No one knows which dairy was implicated; there is no means of knowing whether it was your milkman or mine who peddled the infected fluid. Dr. Sheard is credited with saying that there was no proper investigation of the case, and that it was very unfortunate that such reports should be circulated. I beg leave to suggest that it is very much more unfortunate that such milk should be circulated. Those who are responsible for the story about the bad milk reiterated their charges with emphasis, and offered to prove them to the satisfaction of Dr. Sheard. It is well known by those who keep an eye on such matters that Dr. Sheard has made his reputation as a successful Medical Health Officer largely by reversing the policy of his predecessors who candidly admitted the general public into their confidence in all matters affecting the general health. The first official act of Dr. Sheard was to slam the door of the Health Office in the faces of the reporters who had daily gone there for items of news, as they still go to police and fire headquarters. The Health Office is no longer a glass house into which the passer-by may peer and note all that is going forward. It is impenetrable, mysterious. Now and then the Doctor sends out a bulletin, but it is usually general in its terms and always reassuring and congratulatory.

This is certainly a reform. At one time Toronto was the hypochondriac among the cities of the continent. It was always threatened with some plague. One day it would vaccinate itself against an invasion of small-pox; the next it would sicken itself with a mixture of treacle and sulphur, or sniff the fumes of burning brimstone to stave off an epidemic of diphtheria. The city was nervous, imaginative and apprehensive—looking at its tongue, feeling its pulse, trying all sorts of nostrums and making itself so disagreeable that outsiders were growing to think that one draught of Toronto air would cause typhoid, and one gulp of city water instant death. Dr. Sheard put an end to all this by expelling the newspapers from the confidence of the Health Office. He had nothing to say when interviewed. Should the water-pipe under the Bay burst and people begin to get sardines and shoelaces in their coffee, he would decline to talk until the time came for his monthly bulletin on the public health. That report, when it came, would be so formal and so replete with figures that people would blame the fish and the shoestrings on their cook. Perhaps the health of the city has been no better and no worse than it was before Dr. Sheard assumed office, but at all events life has been made pleasanter by his policy.

Yet his policy of silence may easily be carried to the extreme of taciturnity and dumb-foolishness. Diseased meat has been sold in Toronto within the year, and possibly a thorough tracing out of such meat would explain certain outbreaks of typhoid fever which laid entire families by the heels in one week. Silence is defensible in so far as it contributes to security, but no further. Rumors against the security of health are disquieting, but an insidious eating at the core of the public health is more dangerous than rumors, and in the end more disquieting. It would be a pity to ruin a milkman who ignorantly sells infected milk if it would be even a greater pity to let this man, in ignorance of his crime, go on selling a fluid that is full of the seeds of consumption. If nothing else can be done, let the people be warned. A rumor is not so injurious as milk damned with the germs of consumption. The policy of secrecy has made Dr. Sheard's reputation as the most efficient Health Officer the city has had. He should be careful not to allow that policy to work his undoing. MACK.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday afternoon the Faculty of Moulton College gave a reception, Miss Dicklow, the Principal, doing the honors, assisted by a charming corps of young ladies in the tea-room. I was disappointed not to see that radiant girl of last year, Miss O'Connor, but naturally school days come to an end, and those charming girls go back to their sometimes very distant homes, while other beauties reign in their stead. Mr. Wallace was not on hand either, while I was there; I heard of illness in his home. The various types of school-girl, from grave to gay, from rollicking to shy, flitted among the older folks and looked as pretty as posies in their light frocks. D'Alessandro's harpers played in rear of the grand stairway, and a buffet was served in the west room, laden with all sorts of good things; many fine pictures by Mrs. Dignam were hung in the drawing-rooms. There is little hint of school in these rooms, rather memories to many of senatorial dinners and evenings of merry enjoyment, when the brightest old lady was mistress of the mansion and the inspiring presence of a magnetic and dashing daughter would have made the sphynx herself smile. We miss them sometimes, but we don't forget them.

Mrs. Alley's euchre followed Mrs. Fitzgerald's this week, last night and Thursday being devoted to the manipulation of the cards to ensure a punching, which sounds quite sporty and pugilistic.

Mrs. Fred. Jarvis has a charming guest, Miss Leland, with her for the close of the season. Miss Leland has made many friends both on this occasion and on former visits, and is just now to be seen at many smart functions.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy will receive on Tuesday next at 53 St. George street. Madame Evanturel had her first reception at the Parliament Buildings on Tuesday of this week. Various little affairs have been en train in certain quarters for the speedier knowing of the Mesdemoiselles Evanturel, who are sure to be popular with the young set, as they are very sweet girls.

Miss Sheppard of Pembroke street gave a little dance on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Nickel of New York. As Miss Sheppard is a

very kind hostess, the party was a success and everyone present had a nice time.

Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh of 27 Brunswick avenue held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, assisted by Mrs. Reggie Northcote and Mrs. Roaf on Wednesday, with further assistance by her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Wood, on following afternoons. Mrs. Walsh is a very sweet and pretty bride in a lovely reception gown of pale blue satin brocade in pale pink and trimmed with green, a combination not at all as lovely to read about as to look at. Mrs. Walsh is a distinct acquisition to cultured circles in Toronto, and will soon be appreciated as she deserves. Her pretty home is as dainty and charming as could be imagined, and many were the sighs of admiring envy as the fair visitors were taken to the tea-room for their dues of wedding-cake and saw the exquisite mirror-like surface of Mrs. Walsh's mahogany dinner-table. "May her married life never know a cloud, nor her table a blur," said a woman with her teeth nibbling into the almond icing but her sentiment equal to the occasion.

Mrs. Marani leaves for British Columbia next week, and is looking the picture of health. So much for home air and the fostering care of the good, kind people of Ermeleigh. A farewell tea this afternoon at that hospitable home gives some of Mrs. Marani's young friends a chance to say good-bye.

Among the dinners given during the past few days have been those at the Hall last Friday, at Mrs. Mortimer Clark's on the same evening, a very charming Washington birthday dinner Tuesday by one of our American residents, and a dinner at Craiglea.

We are all delighted that Mr. O'Brien's sacrifice of the glory of his studio has been so richly repaid, and will wait with what patience we may until that truly artistic soul fills it with new beauties.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's tea last Saturday was a pleasant gathering of old and young, mainly residents of the west end, who were all on hand to pay their *devoirs* to the clever little lady who rules at Cotfield. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh and her family are so well known as kindly hostesses that it goes without saying the tea was of the most successful.

Bicycle schools will boom during Lent. I shall have to notice them next week. McDonald & Willson have already opened one.

The first of the "Afternoons at the English Universities" is to be given this afternoon at Trinity at half-past three. Dean Rigby will tell The Story of Cambridge at that time and place.

The last of Professor Clark's lectures of Tennysonian subjects told place on Thursday evening at eight o'clock.

A dinner party will be given at Yeadon Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra next Monday evening.

Miss Amy Laing went on Thursday to Baltimore to try for admission to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she wishes to take a course as a trained nurse.

Mrs. Scott of Wellesley street gave a progressive on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Goldman gave a progressive on Tuesday evening at her home in Sherbourne street.

Zetland at Home took place last evening with due *celat*.

Mrs. Frank Wilson gave a young people's party last evening for her son, which was an enjoyable affair.

Mrs. Pierson of Isabella street gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Smallpiece of Close avenue, South Parkdale, is this week entertaining Miss Patterson of Brockville.

Madame Stuttard, who for many years past has delighted the inmates of the Toronto Asylum by entertaining them with *musicales*, gave another concert by her pupils in that institution on Wednesday last. Some of the numbers on the programme were artistically rendered, especially a selection from the opera of La Sonnambula, given by a number of ladies and gentlemen in costume.

Mrs. Norman A. Sinclair returned to town this week and will receive as usual at 23 Grosvenor street on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mr. McGillivray Knowles had a private view on Wednesday afternoon and evening at his studio, 144 Yonge street, which was numerously attended by a large and influential circle of friends.

The dancing and deportment classes of Mr. A. Roy Macdonald, Jr., in Confederation Life building, are meeting with such success and approval that he finds it necessary to commence another class in the afternoon, which will be arranged for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The class already formed is too far advanced to admit of new pupils, and the advantages offered in the beginning of such a class may be enjoyed by the parents and pupils in the new class. Those who would like to see the classes in session can have a card of admission by applying at Mr. Macdonald's office.

On Monday evening the Camera Club had an entertainment in their club rooms, when views of foreign parts were exhibited.

Quite a few drawing-rooms on the west side are a veritable bower of bloom these wintry days. Foremost among such is Mrs. Riddell's, that pretty hostess delighting in a profusion of growing plants in bloom all over her lovely home.

Society is emphatically to interest itself in a very smart affair on Monday afternoon at the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists, in King street west. The proceeds of this affair, which partakes of the nature of a *chantant*, are to go to the aid of certain needy persons who are not quite within the range of relief from the House of Industry, but are none the

less greatly in need of assistance, and whose cases are espoused by several leading church and social lights. Many little quartette tables are to be served with the cup which cheers by a large corps of society young ladies under the chaperonage of several young matrons. This service and the prettiness of all the appointments are sure to be a drawing card. A concert will be given by Miss Edith J. Miller, Miss Katherine Birnie, Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. Crawford Scadding and Eddie Cooke, the famous boy soprano of St. James's. Mr. Munroe Grier is chairman of the concert. Thanks are due from the promoters to Mr. S. Nordheimer for the use of a fine piano, and to the Ontario Society of Artists for the use of their quarters for the afternoon. Some of the ladies interested are: Mrs. Ned. Blake, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Whyte Fraser, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Wilkie, Miss Gzowski, Miss Dawson, Miss Small, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Hodgins, Miss Maud Yarker, Miss Arthurs, Miss Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Miss Geale of Niagara and Miss Helen McMurich. Everyone will be there.

Miss Constance Temple gave a delightful young people's tea on Tuesday afternoon. The charms of "Baby" Temple are reported as having quite vanquished several impressionable young fellows.

Mrs. R. S. Neville gave a pretty tea yesterday at her residence in Ontario street.

Miss Ellie Phillips has returned from a long visit to Walkerville, where she has enjoyed herself to perfection.

Mrs. Sweetnam gave a tea on Tuesday for her sister, Mrs. McCormick, of Buffalo.

Mrs. G. W. Lillie is to chaperone a party of tourists through Europe, sailing on July 3, by the *Sarnia*. The itinerary includes Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Paris and London.

Miss Vanchie McCabe of Fairlight, Spadina avenue, gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party to a number of her young friends on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. George Gooderham of Jarvis street gave a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a very large and pleasant progressive on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Pier Delasco are home from their wedding trip, which included a visit in New York and Buffalo, where Mr. Delasco sang several times. The attentions showered on the happy pair have not succeeded in inducing them to leave Toronto, as was announced elsewhere, and they will shortly be established in their own residence here.

Plenty of fun, some sharp sparring of wits, flights of eloquence in motley and a host of smart people were at the mock trial at Osgoode on Wednesday evening. The breach of promise-case was a funny burlesque; the jurors were ugly enough to stop a clock; the judge was a daisy. Mr. Claude Macdonell acting the *role* to perfection. Mr. T. White, whose barrister's wig was most becoming and whose wild and impassioned speech was a wonder, is a marked man for promotion. Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Ford were excellent counsel and examiners. The lady in the case has elsewhere proved her fascinations in female attire, but made a clear conquest of the jury, which ought to render her a trifle conceited. The various small game she (and her mamma) had ineffectually endeavored to ensnare were admirably represented, the High Church Curate being a killing young man, and Mr. Merrick as the millionaire looking quite an Adonis. The defendant, a would-be miner from Rossland, was a horrid being and the verdict against him of fifty thousand dollars was received with hilarious applause. The speeches were very smart and the hits numerous. After the trial the orchestra put in an appearance and the beautiful hall was quickly cleared for a dance. Light refreshments were also served and the lawyers in embryo and their fair friends had a most delightful evening. The ladies were generally *en grande toilette* and looked exceedingly handsome.

Mrs. Harry Totten has been missed at a good many smart affairs lately, and is just getting well from a severe cold.

I am glad to hear from Mr. J. Kerr Osborne that the report of his emigration to the antipodes is what Mrs. Partington calls a "Cunard."

Velvet dresses are, after all, distinguished-looking. A royal blue one worn at Dundonald on Saturday was very smart, and a black one, affected by a fine-looking young matron in Jarvis street, becomes her to a marvel. A girl who always dresses well was quite stunning this winter in violet velvet and grebe, and I much admired Mrs. Percy Beatty's rich green velvet coat at Mrs. Mackay's tea. They say it soon shabs, this regal material, but while it lasts it is certainly very handsome.

Mrs. Dawson is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Granville Cunningham of Montreal.

Mrs. William H. Cowper of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her brother, Mr. Arnold Thomas of 41 Huntley street.

Miss Dollie Shaw of Teeswater is in town, visiting Mrs. Leckie of Earl street.

The annual conversation to Victoria University by the Ontario Ladies' College will draw many hundred Toronto people to Whitby this Friday night, as the musical attractiveness of the programme and other features of the entertainment are greater than ever. The special train carrying guests to the College gates leaves the Union Station at half-past six and returns at midnight.

The gentlemen of Bowmanville are giving an assembly Friday evening of this week in the Town Hall. The lady patronesses are: Mrs. W. F. Allen, Mrs. A. Belth, Mrs. D. Belth, Mrs. Edsall, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Hillier, Mrs. Loscombe and Mrs. Simpson. Mr. E. W. Loscombe is the honorary secretary.

A correspondent writes: Seldom do we find a gayer little town than Brampton. Mrs. Gordon's dance on February 18, which was

given in honor of her very charming guest, Miss Gussie Belcher, was a very pleasant and successful event. Mrs. Gordon was assisted by Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Fenton. Among those present were: The Misses Crawford, Miss Ballard, Miss Manning, Miss McGibbon, the Misses Mullin, Miss Scott, Miss Heggie, Miss Annie Mahaffy, Miss Marshall of Orangeville, Miss Holmes of Quebec, Miss Ella Lawson, Miss Williams, Miss Jean Cheyne, Miss Eva Fauquier of Windsor, Miss Lawson of Georgetown, and Messrs. Parker, Armstrong, Peace, Wissler, Morphy, Walsh, Cooper, Mahaffy and Graydon of Streetsville, McFadden, Stewart, Warren, Fenton, Manning, Haggert, Dr. Noble and Dr. Heggie. Mrs. Manning gave a card party on Wednesday evening; those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Judge and Mrs. McGibbon, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Blain, Misses McGibbon, Mahaffy, Biggar of Toronto, Belcher of Parkdale, and Messrs. Haggert, Armstrong, Wissler, Gordon and Cooper.

The Misses Naphtell of Goderich are spending a few weeks in town and are *en pension* in McCaul street.

Mrs. Sparham, who has been a welcome visitor to her old home, has returned to Ridgetown. Miss Stammers of Grove avenue leaves this week on a visit to Mrs. Herrick Duggan of Montreal.

Mr. Walter C. Wiley, the lively hockey player on the Dominion team, is laid up with the mumps.

A couple of hilarious sleighing parties to the children of the Girls' Home last week were the gift of Mr. E. B. Osler, whose usual Christmas present of bright new silver pieces the youngsters spent in their darling diversion as above.

Mrs. Mackay's reception at Dundonald on Saturday was held during a most inclement hour of sleet and snow, the raging elements making the bright and pleasant precincts of Dundonald all the more tempting and attractive. A procession of carriages lined the drive from Yonge street to the door, and as many of the guests were of the good people who take good care of themselves, there was quite a time in getting them in and upstairs to lay off wraps, and again another great time waiting for blocked carriages to get up when they were safely cuddled into their wraps to go home. Naturally the host and hostess have a large acquaintance among the older members of society, and many a white pow gleamed among the darker ones. The bright little lady of the house was in her element receiving, for Mrs. Mackay utterly refuses to grow old and shames many a young matron by her quick perception and energetic, busy life. Mr. Mackay was, as usual, the happiest and most ubiquitous of hosts, now pressing the dainty fingers of a society dame with a nice little compliment neatly delivered, and again deep in a moment's serious talk with some old crony, mayhap a clerical one at that. Among the guests were many who proved their friendship by leaving the comfort of some quiet ingle-nook to dance about the outskirts of the usual chattering crowd—Principal Caven, with a quaint, amused smile; Professor Mavor, coming rather late with his *petite* lady; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with hearty greetings from the hostess, whom they call with much affection "Auntie." The young people of the two big houses in Wellington street were in league with the young people of Dundonald, Miss Brouse and another busy pair, Miss Arthurs and Miss Meg Gooderham, to ensure the pleasure and comfort of every guest. The capacity of Dundonald, spacious as it is, was taxed pretty fairly on Saturday, and what would have been the result had no one been prevented by bad weather from attending, it were hard to say. Pretty rooms with cosy fauteuils and roomy chairs had each its little *coterie*, the halls were filled and the dining-room was fairly packed. I wonder when people will learn not to take root in the dining-room? It does not surely take an hour to refresh the inner man and woman, even at such a bountiful buffet, rose-crowned and prettily set, as was spread at Dundonald. One should be thankful that "there are others," and make way for them with consideration. The Italians played mandolins in the main hall, and brightness, good nature and happiness were everywhere.

Mrs. Bunting is again in town visiting her sister, Mrs. Proctor, in Grenville street.

The Grange will be without its esteemed mistress for some weeks, Mrs. Goldwin Smith having taken her departure for her usual trip south during March, accompanied by Miss Crooks. On Saturday quite a number of ladies took afternoon tea at the Grange and bid the hostess *au revoir* and *bon voyage*.

Capt. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown are down from the North-West, visiting Mrs. Gilpin-Brown's mother, Mrs. John Boulton.

Two Parkdale progressives, given respectively by Miss Buck and Mrs. Van der Linde last week, were much enjoyed by the guests in attendance. Miss Buck's was a young people's party and included some forty members of the smartest circles.

Madame Evanturel's first reception day was duly remembered by a good many people, and would probably have been by many more had

not the matinee proved of such length that many people were tired enough to go home direct. As it was, for over two hours Madame and her daughter and niece were kept very busy greeting scores of callers; the Speaker popped in about six and had something witty and polite for everybody, as is his pleasant fashion.

Cards are out for the Woman's Art Association's private view on Monday afternoon at three o'clock and in the evening.

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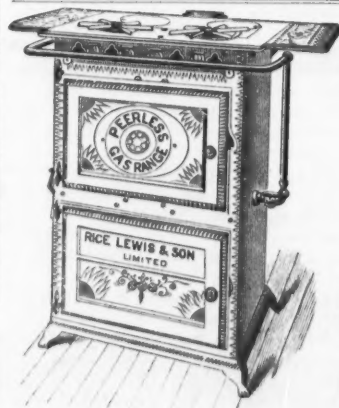
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On Thursday of last week Trinity Conversat. was the academic function which interested everyone who makes it a pleasant point never to miss the annual gathering under the *rouge et noir*. One gets to anticipate the flavor of this evening with surety—the twinkling double row of windows, the tree-lined drive from Queen street, the long narrow corridors, here new and light-tinted, there dark and dim with many years' experience of the ways of students and the advent of yearly conversats. This year the entrance hall, usually a reservoir for all the draughts that ever blew, because of the continuous opening of the quaint old oaken doors, was made a snug and sunny boudoir; the heavy old doors were barred, and guests rambled around to the west wing to find an entrance to the halls of learning, for the nonce devoted to a widely diverse purpose. Dancing was carried on in the west hall, in the gymnasium and in Convocation Hall, where the crowd was, as usual, a dense one. A handsome group of chaperones were on the dais, and *vis-a-vis* another group who looked down on their charges from the gallery. Quite a number of the season's guests were at this dance. The music was exceedingly good, and those who missed dances were to be found ensconced in the coziest corners all over the vast expanse of the old College ground floor, where it was as impossible to find them as the most impatient partner ever experienced it. One can get so gloriously and safely mislaid at Trinity and emerge so innocently from behind those festooned curtains just as the dance is on its last legs, and one's partner either resigned to disappointment or consoled himself with some more accessible fair. Professor and Mrs. Clark received, as usual, in the Professor's library, where book-lined walls hear many a good story, where the calm brown eyes of the Sistine Madonna look from her place of honor over the mantel, and where the warm welcome of the host and hostess is ever assured. The older people find their way to the dark brown door as a sort of haven from the merry rush without, but dozens of the young folks also think the evening at Trinity but half spent if it does not include a ten minutes' rest and chat in this hospitable corner. The usual arrangements in commons were made for the supper, and everything was very nicely done. Trinity seldom lets us off without one engagement, and the usual rumor is afloat as to the happy pair who were so long *tête-à-tête* in a particularly desirable corner. But we shall hear of this later. Among the people who took a long drive to the dance on Thursday was a jolly party chaperoned by Mrs. Smart and Mrs. E. S. Cox. Miss Smart and Miss Lily Smart were those pretty English ball gowns in pale green satin which have been so much admired this season; Miss Evelyn Cox wore a smart pink frock of silk and chiffon; Miss Harriet Leverich wore white satin, a very becoming dress; Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge wore a gray silk gown; Miss Bertha was in a very pretty white frock. The St. Hilda girls were, as usual, a charming party. The Misses Milligan, the Misses Michie, Miss Thom, in pale pink and white striped silk, Miss Bessie Hees, looking lovely in pink organdie, Miss Strange, Mrs. Kerr, in yellow, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, looking very well, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. and Miss Welch, Mrs. Parkin, and many other well known people were present.

Mrs. A. W. Ross has been really very ill and everyone has missed her welcome presence for weeks from festive circles, but I am glad to say she is this week on the road to a recovery which cannot be too speedy. Mrs. Ross has endeared herself in a marked degree to all who know her—a beautiful, sincere nature, a winning and cordial manner, and a character clear as crystal and true as gold, combine to ensure love and esteem universal.

Mr. Percival Ridout has left for Paris, where Mrs. Ridout and her two little ones have been living for some months. The dear wee maid who was so welcomed at Rosedale House is actually going to school, and doubtless acquiring her French in the best way.

Mr. Charlie Armstrong is home on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, at the Priory. He is not quite strong and has come down from the North-West for a rest and change of air. Old friends are glad to see him after years of absence.

Miss Lowe's very interesting course of lectures was finished recently. It is to be hoped another will soon be formed. Lent is a very suitable time for study.

A bad attack of baby-worship seized me a Thursday or two since, while calling upon Mrs. Wyly Grier. Her noble baby is such a jolly big boy, and makes friends like a youngster of six years instead of six months.

A large party of friends assembled after service on Sunday evening for supper at Llaw-haden, where Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones delight to exercise the most bountiful hospitality, and where everything unites with a hearty welcome to secure the pleasure of their guests.

Mrs. Harry Pellatt, who has been ill for two months and whose attractive presence has been much missed from smart circles during her illness, left this week for a trip to Florida for her health, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, sr.

Miss Irene Gurney is able to take the air for short strolls, though still far from looking well. Typhoid always wrecks such high-strung constitutions, and it will probably be some time ere Miss Gurney is well again. A trip south should, I think, do her a lot of good.

Last Friday Miss Aloysia Thompson of Derwent Lodge gave a merry tea for a party of girl friends.

The marriage of Miss Mamie A. Donaghy and Mr. James William Benning of Toronto took place in Brooklyn at the home of the bride's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Neu, 633 Macon street. Rev. Dr. McCormack of St. Ann's church on the Heights officiated. The house was effectively decorated with a profusion of palms and white blossoms,

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combined with amilax. The bride wore a gown of ivory white satin, with trimming of duchess lace and pearls, and tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. Bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley formed her bouquet. She also wore a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Johnston of Toronto and Miss Ella Peacock of Chicago. The former was attired in white and the latter in pink. Both carried bouquets of pink roses and violets, tied with pink ribbon. The best man was Mr. James E. Thursby. The niece and nephew of the bride, Miss Emily Neu and Master Willie Neu, acted as flower girl and page, the former wearing a frock of white organdie and the latter a black velvet Fauntleroy suit. The ceremony was performed at

seven o'clock, only relatives being present. A reception followed from half-past eight to ten o'clock.

Mrs. McCormick, whose place as Dora Gooderham is still hers in the hearts of many friends, is on a short visit to her parents in Sherbourne street.

Last Saturday was another wet-blanket for the Driving Club, several of whom consoled themselves at Dundonald. A small party did drive out for dinner to the Hunt Club, and had a jolly time when they got there, but the drive—ugh!—it was anything but a picnic.

Mr. W. G. Jamieson of Cripple Creek, Col., is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. L. Wallace, Yonge street.

A young people's progressive was given by Miss Chadwick on Thursday evening of last week at Lanmar. On the same day Mrs. S. G. Beatty gave a very jolly afternoon progressive for her pretty Belleville guest, Miss Corby.

The gowns worn by the ladies taking part in the opening quadrille at 'Varsity conversat were very handsome and the set was remarkably smart. A few others whose gowns struck me as noticeable were: Mrs. Mulock's rich gray satin, with cut steel trimmings; Mrs. Sanford of Hamilton wore a lovely gray satin, with rare lace and silver applique—her coiffure was remarkably well arranged, a *la pompadour*, and most becoming. Mrs. Briggs, sister of the Premier, wore white broadcloth, point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Smart wore a lovely satin gown of dull rose, with rich lace applique revers and chiffon vest; Miss Smart and Miss Lily Smart were, as usual, perfectly gowned. Mrs. E. S. Cox brought Miss Cox and Miss Leverich; Mrs. Mortimer Clark chaperoned her two daughters; Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Hon. A. W. W., Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. and the Misses Michie, Mrs. Covert Moffatt in black and green, with white frills; Mr. Quesnel, Mr. W. Muir, Mr. McLean, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mrs. Charles Reid and Miss Reid, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Miss Bessie Hees, the Misses Mulock, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Counsel, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. Adam Wright and Miss Wright, were a very few of the myriads who crowded the University. Quite a number of smart people who might have been present were dancing at Summer Hill, where Mrs. Larratt Smith was hostess for the second reunion of the Dancing Club. A very nice supper was served by Webb in two separate rooms, so that crowding was avoided. The coffee was very good, which one cannot always remark at a public ball. Lots of music was furnished on the ground floor entrance by the Q. O. R. band, and in the two dancing-halls by the Italians and Bailey's orchestra. Funny sketches were given by Bengough, and the Guitar and Banjo Club were relied upon for several concert numbers, while Mr. McKay sang manfully against the Babel of chatter. Taken altogether, and in its plentiful variety, which means rather a wide take, the 'Varsity conversat. of 1897 was a very charming event, in the wake of a season which has seen an unusual number of pleasant affairs.

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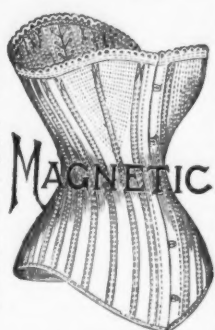
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A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART 2.

MY COMRADE THOMPSON OR CUBA LIBRE.

BY OWEN HALL,
Author of "The Track of a Storm."

It was a queer sensation—only that after all. I should have expected to feel very different when I heard that I had only five minutes more to live, but somehow at the time it did not strike me as strange at all. I wondered a little what Thompson could mean by asking me to stick by him, for, looking out on that seething white surface of water, there did not appear to be much choice. Anyway he stayed beside me and there was a feeling of comfort in the sense of company. He grasped the bulwark just in front of me and waited. After a minute or two, during which he was looking fixedly ahead, I saw him begin to unbutton the thick jacket he had on and shuffle his feet as if he were loosening his shoes. I comprehended him without the effort of thought and followed his example. We were standing within a few feet of the bridge, and the ladder was within a yard of Thompson's hand. When he had shaken off his shoes he turned his head and looked at me. Then he nodded and pointed to the ladder. My eyes followed his motion; I understood what he meant again. Then we waited.

I wondered if anybody had told them below. I don't suppose they had, or they would have been on deck, but, after all, it did not seem to matter. Perhaps Thompson had been sent to give them warning, but if so he never delivered his message—he only stood by me and waited. It came at last so suddenly that even to me who expected it, the shock was terrible. There was a sudden jar that, for the moment, involved everything in a common confusion. I clung with frantic energy to the stanchion and shut my eyes. I could not close my ears, however, to the wild, confused yell that arose from the doomed vessel, in which the crash, and creak, and snapping of timber and iron was horribly mingled with cries of despairing human beings, and the fierce, triumphant scream of the storm, and the sullen crash of the merciless sea. Even in that moment of terror, I felt somebody grasp me by the arm, and opening my bewildered eyes I saw that it was Thompson.

"Come!" he shouted, in a tone so wild and shrill that I heard it above all the pandemonium of sounds, and the next moment I had allowed him to drag me from the bulwark to the ladder which now swung loosely from the wrecked remains of the bridge. I clutched wildly at the ghostly-looking ladder and held on. Another moment and something struck me; something dark, overwhelming and irresistible. I knew nothing but a sensation of rushing through space; I felt nothing but a wild desire to cling with every energy of soul and body to the frail support to which I had transferred my grasp. There was a hoarse roaring sound in my ears and brain, which gradually died away into silence.

I opened my eyes, and to my astonishment it was daylight once more. I was lying on soft, white sand, on a sharply sloping beach, and my head was resting on the breast of a man who lay stretched on the sand fast asleep, with his dark head pillowed on one of his arms—it was my comrade, Thompson. I sat up and looked around eagerly. We were quite alone. Overhead, the sky was covered with a wild drift of broken clouds that hurried along in ragged masses, but where we lay it was almost calm. Not twenty yards from where we were, the water broke musically in little waves on the white sand and moved a number of dark objects that rose and fell on the surface of the little bay. I tried to rise, but found that my limbs were stiff, and that I moved with difficulty. The noise I made woke my companion, who instantly sat up. When his eyes fell on me, I noticed that his face lighted up with a look of quick relief, and he muttered something which sounded like Spanish or Latin, though I couldn't make out the words. In another moment he had started to his feet and came to my assistance. It all came back to me at once, as he laid his grasp on my arm—nearly the last sensation of which I had been conscious. "The others—" I gasped, looking appealingly into my companion's face. He glanced quickly at the sea and made a slight but significant motion of his hand toward the water. Coastless, hatless, and shoeless, as we were, it was necessary that we should seek for food and shelter. Thompson said so, and it was so evident that he was right that I made no demur, and we started. The country seemed to be familiar to my comrade, and we soon found our way from the secluded beach on which we had been thrown up, over a wooded ridge, into what had been a cultivated country, now deserted by the inhabitants. My companion explained that, although within less than forty miles of Havana itself, it had been the scene of a rebel raid two months before that. It was evident that there were not many people of the superior classes left, but by and by we succeeded in getting both food and shelter at the house of an overseer, besides a good deal of sympathy as shipwrecked sailors from the negroes.

When, at last, we started to find our way to the capital, we had obtained both shoes and hats, and, in the course of our long two-days' tramp, we were fortunate enough to get substitutes for the coats we had discarded. It was my comrade who thought of an explanation of our appearance on the coast, which he warned me was our only passport to liberty, and from time to time he repeated the story of the shipwreck of the schooner *Traveler*, on her voyage from Kingston to Key West, till both of us were familiar with the characters in which we were to appear, if questioned. In spite of this, we were careful to avoid Spanish guards and patrols, of whom there were plenty on nearly every road, and made our walk a good deal longer in leaving the road to avoid the risk of meeting them.

Thompson was to take me to a place of safety, where he said that friends of his would

shelter me for a day or two, till we could arrange, either for my safety in Havana or for some method of getting away. As we stole into the suburbs, just before moonrise, I could not but feel grateful for the cleverness and care he had taken to ensure my safety. It was dark—the soft, languorous darkness of an almost breezeless tropical night, when all nature seems to be waiting for the rising of the moon—and I soon began to fancy that even in the darkness I could recognize some of the well-remembered landmarks of the place. Another minute, and I was certain of it. We were in the grounds I remembered so well, and that shadowy building that could be dimly traced among the trees was the white villa of Senor Castellano, my own and my father's friend.

I stopped for a moment to recover from the shock of the surprise, and glanced quickly at my companion, who was already a step or two in advance, as something like a feeling of doubt flashed through my mind. Thompson had spoken of his friends, and I had lightly concluded that there was a lady in the case, although he had not said so; and now—what if it were so? What if this man who had saved my life—for I knew that he must have done so by his exertions—what if this man were a rival? A thousand tales of the readiness with which girls can forget the absent flashed through my mind, and for a moment I was ready to believe anything.

Thompson looked back and noticed my hesitation. "Come along," he said in a low tone; "this is the place."

I followed him mechanically toward the house. Most of the windows were dark, but as we came in sight of the side of the well known building, I saw that a broad band of light streamed from a French window which opened on a small piazza that was more than half-buried in gorgeous creepers. I paused again for an instant; indeed, I felt as if I dared not go on. How often I had sat on that piazza! My companion appeared hardly to remember my presence now, but stepped eagerly forward to the light. As he put his foot on the step—it seemed to me that he did it like one who felt sure of his welcome, and a hot smart passed through me as I looked—he half turned and beckoned me to follow.

The window was thrown widely open and in another instant I caught sight of an arm and a shoulder, and a head bent down, as its owner gazed at something in her lap. "Senorita Margarita," my companion almost whispered in a low tone—yet there was something indescribably sweet to my ear in the sound of the first word. To me, at any rate, she had not been "senorita," and my heart bounded at the word, which in a single moment gave me back all I feared I had lost. She started and looked up quickly. "Ah, Tomaso," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "My good Tomaso, so you have returned."

She held out her two hands with the graceful action I knew so well, and my heart bounded again as I felt that the tone expressed friendship indeed, but nothing more. Thompson stepped forward with a grace which certainly suited the name Tomaso better than that by which I had known him, and bent to kiss one of the hands she held out. She lifted her eyes at the moment and they rested on me, as I stood bare-headed in the entrance of the open window. Snatching her hand away she put it to her brow as she gazed at me with open lips for a moment and then exclaimed: "Juliano! Have you indeed returned?"

Thompson seemed scarcely to have noticed the sudden way in which Margarita had withdrawn her hand, for he had stooped to pick up from the floor the photograph at which she had been gazing so intently at the moment we surprised her, but at her exclamation, which was almost a cry, he turned quickly with it in his hand.

"Juliano!" he exclaimed: "you know him then? And this—is his picture, too—ah." At the moment he spoke she sprang past him, and before either of us well knew what we were doing, I had thrown my arms around her and drawn her to my heart, while she murmured softly: "Juliano, Juliano."

It was at least a minute before I looked up, but when I did so it was to see Thompson standing like a man turned to stone, but with his face strangely distorted by passion, so that for the moment I should hardly have known him. As his eye caught mine, his expression altered suddenly to a smile, and muttering hastily, "Ah, excuse me, I will not interrupt," he dropped the photograph on the floor, and, before I saw his intention, passed suddenly through the open window and disappeared.

For the moment it was a relief. He was gone, and we were alone. I was free to clasp Margarita close and yet closer to my heart, while I answered with soft words and tender touches the one word in which she contrived to express a thousand feelings of love and happiness: "Juliano—Juliano." But then Thompson's face came back to me. I knew what it meant—how could I fail to know, as I held Margarita in my arms, and the thought passed through me with a shiver icy cold, what if I had stood by and seen her in his arms?

Suddenly the crimson blush spread over her cheeks and neck, as Margarita drew herself quickly away. "But Tomaso," she whispered, "I forgot that he was here, Juliano."

"He has gone, Rita," I whispered. "I fear he has gone in anger; and he saved my life."

"In anger?" she exclaimed, looking around. "But why in anger, Juliano?"

"Can you not guess, Rita?" I said, looking into those glorious eyes, and thinking to myself, what wonder if he loved—what wonder if he were desperate?

I saw the idea dawn in her eyes as I gazed into them, and as it dawned I saw that the blood ebbed away from her face, leaving her pale. I looked at her in surprise, but before I had time to torment myself with any lover's

questionings as to what it meant, she clasped her hands in quick emotion.

"Oh, no—not that, Juliano; say it is not that."

There was so much feeling, so much that was almost like fear, in her eyes, as she looked in my face, that I was conscious of some surprise, but I could only try to soothe her at the moment.

"You could not help it, Rita, I know, love," I whispered.

"Ah, but he will hate you, Juliano—and none can hate like Tomaso. He will denounce you for a rebel. He has influence; he has power." And she wrung her hands together, the image of bewilderment and fear.

"He?" I exclaimed. "He? Thompson?"

You are wrong—you must be wrong, Rita."

"Wrong, Juliano? Ah, no! How can I be wrong? It is you at whom he will strike. Has he not done it before? Is he not the friend of the captain-general? Ah, no, Juliano!" she said as, loverlike, I tried to soothe her—"not now. It is sweet, but not now. Let us seek my father and tell him all; it may be that he can save you."

As she spoke, she turned quickly from the room. I followed her, my mind in an unenviable state of confusion. A moment before I had been all but reproaching myself for the pain I had given my friend Thompson—the man who had saved my life—the loyal partizan of revolutionary Cuba—the trusted pilot of our expedition—and now he seemed to have gone; and in his place was Tomaso, the friend, and, no doubt, tool, of Weyler—the enemy, and therefore the treacherous enemy of the rebels. I am not surprised that I was confused. Looking back on it all now, I am almost surprised that I was not more utterly confused than I was.

We found the Don in the full enjoyment of his evening smoke. He had always been a warm friend of mine, yet it was with a look in which bewilderment was largely mingled with fear that he listened to the torrent of explanation in which Margarita poured out her history of what had taken place. As I watched his expressive face I could not help suspecting that the fear was not wholly on my account, and it gave me a still more unpleasant feeling as to my own prospects, when it dawned upon me that even so influential a merchant of Havana as Don Castellano had reason to fear my comrade Thompson and what he might see fit to do in his anger.

To do him justice, however, the Don welcomed me warmly, even after he must have known from his daughter's headlong tale how matters stood between us. His first question, however, enabled me to let in a flood of new light on the situation. "But how did you come to Havana?" he asked. I told him in as few words as possible, for I must admit that each moment there was growing upon me the sense of my danger at the hands of this man whom I had known as Thompson, and who, for some unaccountable reason, had taken it into his head to save me from the death to which, no doubt, he had been perfectly willing to consign the rest of our passengers.

"Ah, you mad Americans," was the Don's comment. "Why should you have come to our unhappy island, and come back, too, as if to seek death?"

Margarita had drunk in every word as I spoke, and she turned her eyes full of question and reproach on me as her father spoke. Then the light came back into her eyes till they shone like diamonds, and the hot blood flushed her cheeks once more, as she exclaimed: "Oh, father, save him from Tomaso. It was for me he came."

The Don smiled as he looked down at the troubled face of his only child, now lifted to his in impassioned appeal; then he frowned as the full difficulty of the situation came over him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you children—you children! But I must think. This is not an easy thing, look you, my young friend. Margarita is right as to this Tomaso. His father was employed by me for years and was faithful, but the son is dangerous. I would gladly have forbidden him to come here, but I knew it would be unsafe, for he has the ear of the captain-general, by whom he is trusted as an agent. Yet I think not he will willingly injure me if only—here a smile broke up the gravity of his face. "No, it is at you he will aim. It may even be that he will represent himself as having led you here, but how to save you—that is the question."

The Don went on slowly talking as if thinking to himself, and in spite of the near concern I had in his conclusions, I found myself stealing glances at Margarita, who still clung to her father's arm as if in the hope of quickening his interest on my behalf by the soft touch of her little hands on his sleeve. He stopped and seemed to think for a minute, and his daughter looked around and frowned at me when she saw that my thoughts were not fixed on what he had been saying, and shook her head at me with a gesture of warning.

"Yes," the Don began again, "I could, indeed, get you removed in a vessel of my own that leaves to-night, but, then, how could we escape Tomaso? Then, indeed, he would divulge our connection and be revenged on us, even if he could not also stop you."

"Not for the world, Don Castellano," I exclaimed. "If anyone is to suffer, it must be me, and me alone."

Margarita grasped her father's arm more tightly, and looked up into his face, but she said nothing. The Don held up his hand deprecatingly to me. "Stay," he said. "Stay, children. Why is it that youth is ever so hot and hasty?" He paused again, and his eyes rested on his daughter's face for a moment. Then he spoke as if he had made up his mind, at the same time laying his hand softly on Margarita's glossy hair. "Yes, it will be best so. In any case, we must risk something. But there is not a moment to lose. You will stay here while I arrange for safe men to get a boat ready to go off to the Cabellero, and you will be ready to go the moment I return," he added, glancing quickly at me and then at his daughter.

In another moment the worthy Don had disengaged himself gently and left the room. Can I attempt to tell what passed between us? At first, indeed, I could not, if I tried. All I could do was to soothe, by such instinctive means as natural instinct supplies to lovers, of touch and whispered word, which imply so little and yet so much, my companion who



seemed for the first time to feel the full bitterness of the disappointment. I tried to talk of the future, but the present seemed to swallow it up; I tried to assure her that all would be well, but she only shrank and trembled, as she whispered in little, fluttering accents, "Juliano—oh, Juliano!"

"But, Rita, you will be true to me—we will be true to one another—and then nothing can really part us. It is only if you shall love another—not now, of course, but at any time hereafter—that I should really lose you." She shuddered and looked at me with eyes full of reproach.

"Ah, not Tomaso," I said; "I don't mean anything so low as that. But years, perhaps long years hence, if some man—not a spy and a traitor—should come; ah, then, Rita, if you should."

She seemed not to have heard the last few words, for she drew herself erect with a sudden motion, and her eyes seemed to flash and blaze.

"Tomaso!" She pronounced the name with a bitterness of contempt and hatred such as I could not have supposed it possible to throw into a single word; "Tomaso! Spy—traitor—murderer! Name not the base creature in my presence. I abhor myself now that I should ever have endured his hateful presence—I hate him! I shall hate him ever!"

I had been spellbound by the intensity of her passion, and perhaps a little by her glorious eyes, seen in this new light, and I cannot imagine what strong magnetic force it could have been that had power to draw my eyes from her face to where, behind her, yet to one side, the window stood open on the piazza. There—there, framed in the opening, the bright light on his face, the dark background of the palms and shrubs behind him, stood the figure of my comrade Thompson. When last I had seen that face, it had shocked me in its drawn intensity of suffering, but now the effect was different. It seemed to me no longer human. There was pain, indeed, pain that was horrible, but no longer of that kind that invokes sympathy. Malice the most intense, bitterness the most fierce, yes, and triumph the most unbounded. His face was like a book—he had heard it all! It was but a second or two, and it seemed as if we both stood as if bound by a spell; a look like that of a madman or a demon came over his face; he threw his arms out wildly, as if in denunciation, and, with one fierce, low curse that sounded like the growl of a beast of prey, he turned and dashed headlong from the spot. With a cry of sudden alarm Margarita had turned and seen his flying figure, and for a moment I thought she would have rushed after him. I seized her as she reached the door, and at that very moment my ears caught the quick tramp of soldiers coming through the grounds. They must have heard her cry, even if it was possible that the traitor, in his frantic excitement, had missed them. A cold chill went through me. It was useless to fly—there was nothing to be done.

The thought flashed through my brain like a flash of lightning; almost at the same moment a voice challenged in the quick, peremptory tone of command, and the next, a loud, sharp volley of a dozen rifles rang out on the stillness of the night. We stood as if we had been turned to stone, listening with every sense for what was to come next—but it seemed as if nothing was going to happen. The faint sound of what might have been a footstep, a low sound that might have been a distant whispering, and nothing more.

We waited—our eyes fixed on each other's faces. Suddenly there was an order given once more, and then as we listened, step by step the footsteps of the soldiers died away.

What had happened? After a long pause we



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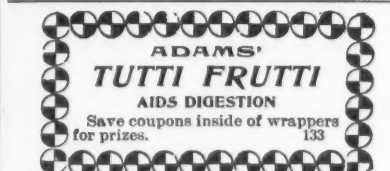
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QUEER CORNER

The answers to last week's picture puzzle are as follows: Game—croquet; Implements—crowbars; Fish—Croaker (crow-cur); Flower—Crown-foot; Flower named by farmer—Crocus. Here is a geographical conversation puzzle which school children and others may find comparatively easy to unravel:

My wife brought home a new dress last Tuesday and tried it on for my delectation. "How does it fit?" she asked, turning about in it before the mirror.

"It (A POST OFFICE OF ILLINOIS)," said I.
"How? Whereabouts?"
"It's (A CITY OF FRANCE) under the arms."
"That can be easily remedied."
"And it's (ANOTHER CITY OF FRANCE)—unless you intend to use it as a carpet sweeper."

So it was altered and re-altered, and finally my wife had the desired fit. Then the bill came, and I had a fit—although not a desired one. My wife cried, I said things, and the bill-collector fled from the house. This morning I get a summons to appear before the (TWO ISLANDS OF THE MACQUARIE GROUP). I suppose I shall have to (A POST OFFICE OF GEORGIA). And that dress will cost me just three weeks of (A CREEK IN SOUTH CAROLINA).

"O woman, in our hours of wit
Uncertain, coy and hard to fit,
As variable as the shade
Of silk of which your dress is made—
When pain, when anguish, man's heart fills,
What care you, so he pays your bills?"

SAM SHOO.

FASTEST SHORTHANDERS AND TYPEWRITERS.

Following up last week's item about fast telegraph operators and the use of the typewriter in connection with telegraphy, it may be interesting to say that Charles H. McGurkin is considered the fastest typewriter in the world, having a record of over 200 words a minute doing memorized sentences. He uses all his fingers. He is a resident of Kalamazoo, Michigan. George W. Bunbury of Dublin, Ireland, is supposed to be the fastest shorthand writer in the world. In the presence of experts he wrote at dictation of new matter 250 words per minute for ten consecutive minutes, and transcribed his notes without an error. Mr. Isaac S. Dement of Chicago wrote 258 words per minute for several minutes, but there were errors in the transcription. He wrote 207 words in one minute. Thomas Allen Reed of London, Eng., maintained a speed of 213 words per minute for half an hour. I am told that the Wheatstone Automatic Telegraph, in use in Great Britain, sometimes transmits dispatches at the rate of 600 words a minute. Mr. Preece, chief electrician of the Postoffice, timed ordinary messages coming in at Belfast at the rate of 461 words per minute, and he says that the limit of speed is scarcely known. The first Queen's Speech transmitted by telegraph was on November 23, 1847.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

The Trenton, Ont., authorities have notified the police of the surrounding towns to keep a sharp look-out for a man "ten feet ten inches in height, dark clothes, dark shirt and cap, light mustache, charged with stealing a watch." He can't possibly escape. He will be noticed. Even the detectives couldn't miss him.

TRENTON'S WHISTLE.

QUEER CORNER. In recent issues of your paper I have noticed considerable comments on several steam whistles in Ontario. To settle all disputes I would say that there is no doubt whatever that Gilmour's Trenton whistle is the "king of them all." On Friday, February 12, 1897, a stormy day with a strong east wind blowing, Trenton whistle could be heard here, a distance of 12 miles. Rossmore is east of Trenton, remember. On a cold day it can be heard a distance I will not quote, as people would not believe me. In conclusion I say that Trenton's whistle can be heard farther than any whistle in Canada today. It can be heard more distinctly in Rossmore than in Trenton. Any person who has heard the whistle in Bell's office to what I say.

YOURS, ETC., WATSON GILGOW.

P.S.—The Trenton whistle has been heard in Deseronto, a distance of 30 miles.
Rossmore, Feb. 15, 1897.

A VERY OLD QUILT.

Mrs. William Stubbs of West Luther has quite a curiosity in her possession, says the Orangeville Sun. It is a quilt and has belonged to the family for three hundred years, and has been transmitted through succeeding generations to the present owner. It carries one back to the golden age of Queen Elizabeth, and down through the reigns of the Stuarts, the Hanovers, and the Guelphs, a journey of centuries. Another mentionable curiosity is a Bible—with its old English typography and unaltered peculiarities—which has belonged to the family for over two hundred years.

SOME MEN'S HOBBIES.

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers and wigs of all shapes, sizes and fashions. This curious hobby was rivaled by that of a late King of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique. A King of Wurtemberg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American revelled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count 365 specimens in meerschaum, brier, glass, china and clay.

WHEN SALMON ABOUNDED.

QUEER CORNER.—Away back in the early thirties, now the flourishing village of Stirling, then known as Rawlin or Sainsbury, was famous for its salmon and speckled trout. Below the big overshoot wheel that ran the machinery of the grist mill a pool was left when the water was turned off; this was done late at night. One night a school of seventy-six salmon were virtually made prisoners when the mill was shut down. The discovery was made in the morning by a woman while after a pail of water. She informed her only companion, a woman, of the fact, and, accompanied by their dog, proceeded to remove the salmon from the shallow pool. They safely landed the entire lot, ably assisted by the dog, who in the excitement performed his share of the work. Toronto, February, 1897.

PERHAPS IT WAS A WHITE CROW?

Recently a carrier pigeon was found among other pigeons on a barn near Campbellford, Ont., with a tin case attached to one of its legs in which was found a message apparently from a patient to a Dr. Haviland, which read: "Rested well during the night. Pulse at daylight 114," and was signed S. H. Wright. Some reader of Queer Corner must have been playing a prank.

A VERY ANCIENT DOLL.

In the Egyptian department of the British Museum is a wooden doll which was found in the sarcophagus of a little Royal princess who died three centuries before Christ. Her baby fingers still clasped it when the mummy wrappings were unfolded. This is probably the oldest doll in existence.

UNEARTHED A SHIP.

There is, according to a press despatch, much excitement in Senville county, Minnesota, over the discovery of an old Spanish gun-boat which was unearthed whilst men were digging

a well. Its armament comprised five cannon, and two mortars. Cannon balls and bomb shells were found in large numbers. The boat is a very old one, and there is much speculation as to how long it has been in the ground. The impression is that the boat was run up into that region about 1600, as a much larger proportion of the state was under water then than now. The gun-boat was found directly on Birch Coolie Creek, a branch of the Minnesota River, and which creek at that time was no doubt a navigable river.

QUEER POINTS.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

Donald R. McDonald, who died at Lancaster, Ont., a few weeks ago, was 110 years of age. He was born in 1786, and served in the war of 1812, and in the Mackenzie rebellion.

An exchange says: "There is no insect that will either eat root or stock of buckwheat, and sowing it on any piece of ground for two years in succession will kill wire worms by furnishing them nothing to eat."

Western Canada Loan AND SAVINGS CO.

Thirty-Fourth Annual Report of the Directors.

The annual general meeting of this company was held at its offices, No. 76 Church street, Toronto, on Monday, February 15, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m. A number of shareholders were present. The Hon. Senator Allan occupied the chair, and the Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, acted as secretary of the meeting. The following financial statements were read, and, with the directors' annual report, were unanimously adopted and passed on motion of the President, seconded by George W. Lewis, Esq.

The directors beg to submit the thirty-fourth annual report, together with the balance sheet to the 31st December, 1896.

After deducting cost of management, interest on debentures, and all other charges, the net profits of the company amount to \$114,702.35. Out of this sum two dividends, one of 4 per cent, and the other of 3 per cent, on the paid-up capital stock of the company, have been paid, and the balance carried to the contingent account. The amount standing at the credit of this account is \$50,679.93.

The re-payments on account of mortgage loans, both in Ontario and Manitoba, and notwithstanding the continued depression in business in the former province, have upon the whole been satisfactorily met.

The directors have to record, with great regret, the death of one of their colleagues, the Hon. Sir D. L. Macpherson, K.C.M.G., whose connection with the company had extended over the long period of thirty-one years. The vacancy in the board has been filled by the election of George F. Galt, Esq., of Winnipeg.

The balance sheet and profit and loss account, together with the auditors' report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,
President.

Financial statement for the year ending on 31st December, 1896:

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.	
LIABILITIES.	
To shareholders:	
Capital stock	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund	770,000 00
Contingent account, Dec. 31, 1895, \$63,045 36	
Contingent account, added, 1896	7,782 95
	\$70,828 31
Contingent account, "written off"	11,168 38
Contingent account, balance Dec. 31, 1896	59,659 93
Dividend, payable 2nd January, 1897	45,000 00
	\$2,374,679 93
To the public:	
Debentures and interest	3,362,366 58
Deposits	880,253 25
Sundry accounts, including coupons outstanding	600 02
	\$6,817,841 78
ASSETS.	
Land mortgages	\$6,191,452 31
Loans on municipal debentures and other securities	25,315 20
Office premises and furniture, Toronto and Winnipeg	124,413 40
Cash on hand and in banks	171,660 84
	\$6,817,841 78
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cost of management, viz., salaries, rent, inspection and valuation, office expenses, branch office, agents' commissions, auditors' fees, etc.	\$ 50,083 56
Directors' compensation	2,800 00
Interest on deposits	29,857 62
Interest on debentures	114,121 19
	\$227,862 37
Net profit for year, applied as follows:	
Dividends and tax thereon	106,080 00
Carried to contingent account	7,782 95
Total	\$342,365 32
Interest on mortgages and debentures, rents, etc.	\$342,365 32
	\$342,365 32

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

Toronto, 5th Feb., 1897.

To the shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, and made the usual inspection of the securities (with the exception of the business of the Manitoba branch, which has been audited and inspected by a local auditor), and certify that the above statements of assets and liabilities, and profit and loss, are correct, and show the true position of the company's affairs. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,
A. E. OSLER,
Auditors.

The President then said: In moving the adoption of the report I feel that, notwithstanding the long-continued depression in business, the increasing difficulty in securing desirable investments on as favorable terms as formerly, and the shrinkage in the value of real estate, the directors can nevertheless congratulate the shareholders upon the thoroughly sound financial position of the company in which they have invested their money.

As mentioned in the report, the repayments on mortgages during the past year, both in Ontario and Manitoba, have upon the whole been very satisfactory. Thanks to the energy of our agents in both provinces we are receiving very excellent applications for new loans, and the prospects of a safe and profitable business this year are very encouraging. The shareholders are to be congratulated on the acceptance by Mr. Galt of a seat on the board, and his high standing as a man of business, his long residence and intimate knowledge of the country, cannot fail to be of great value to the Company, and our excellent Manager at Winnipeg will find it a very great advantage to be able to avail himself of Mr. Galt's counsel and advice.

Scrutineers having been appointed, a ballot

was taken, and the retiring directors, Geo. Gooderham, Esq., Alfred Gooderham, Esq., Geo. W. Lewis, Esq., Geo. Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected. These gentlemen, with Messrs. Geo. F. Galt, Thomas H. Lee and the Hon. G. W. Allan, form the board.

At a subsequent meeting held by the directors the Hon. Geo. W. Allan and Geo. Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

Now Up And Now Down.

Notice the slender column of mercury in your thermometer. To-day it is longer than it was yesterday; to-morrow it may be longer still, or much shorter; you can't tell in advance. So it varies with the amount of heat in the atmosphere. Very good; but we all knew that before, you say.

Take note of another measuring instrument, then; one that you carry about whithersoever you go. We often hear one person say of another "His spirits are very mercurial," meaning that they rise or fall under slight influences. But others have protracted periods of depression of spirits, sometimes threatening permanent melancholia. In fact, instances of this kind are getting to be alarmingly common, and any suggestions as to the cause and the remedy must be welcome to society at large.

Speaking of a recent illness of her own, Mrs. Hagar Percival says the doctor pronounced her ailment to be "nervous debility." The phrase is familiar and expressive, and the doctor used it in the ordinary accepted sense. After all we seem to need more light. Perhaps we shall get it by turning a leaf backward and finding out how the trouble began.

"In July, 1889," says the lady, "I felt strangely weak and out of spirits. I could scarcely persuade myself to eat anything, and when I did the food caused me much distress in the stomach and pain in the chest. Neither did I get any strength from it, but grew more weak and nervous. Later on I had frequent attacks of dizziness and fainting fits, which would come upon me in the street, so that I often came near falling to the ground. Sometimes I had two or three such attacks in a single day. The doctor said I had nervous debility, but the medicine he gave me did no good."

"Better and worse I suffered in this manner for about three years, no treatment availing to relieve me. At Easter of 1892 my mother brought me a bottle of medicine of the same kind that had cured her of her complaint. I began using it, and in a short time I could eat better, and my food digested without giving me any trouble or discomfort. I grew stronger, the fainting fits gradually ceased, and I regained my health. (Signed) Hagar Percival, 25 Lind street, Country road, Walton, Liverpool, July 10th, 1893."

In a letter dated November 30th, 1892, and written at his home, 142 Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W., a correspondent states that in the year 1885 he fell into a condition of nervous debility. He took medicines in plenty, but grew worse and worse notwithstanding. The early peculiarities of his case were exactly the same as in the case of Mrs. Percival, above named.

"One day," he declares, "a friend of mine, Mr. Charles Swan of King street, told me of a medicine from the use of which his sister had derived great benefit under like circumstances. I at once began taking it, and before I had finished one bottle the pain and distress left me, my nerves were steady and I gained strength. After I had used three bottles I was in as good health as I was before the attack the previous spring. Appreciating the value of a remedy which proved able to do what no other could accomplish, I am perfectly willing to have the fact made public. (Signed) Frank William Deacon."

The nervous depression in both these cases, as in most others, was the direct consequence of the circulation of impurities of the blood. The extreme melancholy and distortion of judgment witnessed in hypochondriacs arises from the same cause; and (this point is for your memory) the cause underlying all is indigestion and dyspepsia, which creates these impurities in the stomach and scatters them through the system.

To have strong nerves we must have pure blood; to have pure blood we must have perfect digestion; and to have that we must do what these two people did, use Mother Seigel's Nerve and Blood Tonic. They used it as soon as they heard of it. Warned by their needless suffering you will use it the moment you feel the first symptoms of the coming evil.

Paddy Again.

An Irish laborer was told by his foreman to bring a couple of wheelbarrows from a workshop about two miles distant.

Paddy went for them, but finding that he could not manage to bring the two at once, brought back one.

The foreman, seeing him come with only one of them, asked him why he did not bring the two by putting one upside down upon the other.

"Och, sure, sir, I didn't think of that!" So off went Paddy to bring the other. After half an hour had passed he returned, puffing and blowing, with the two wheelbarrows.

"I don't want three wheelbarrows, my man." "Sure, sir, I did not bring three wheelbarrows."

"What did you do with the first one that you brought?"

"Begorra, I took it back to bring the other."

Bush Arithmetic.

Sydney Bulletin.

Teacher—Suppose your father brought two horses to school and sold them for eight pounds each, and he was paid in half-sovereigns, how many half-sovereigns would he have when he reached home?

Top Boy—None; but Casey at the Diggers Arms would have sixteen.

Hurrying Him Up.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—there's a dear fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Won't you just put them on and go to the

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concert to-night? Reginald and I will be there and I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"You want me to do that?"
"Yes, and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note. Take care that Reggie sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"
"Because, you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awfully slow, and as he is well off and lots of other girls are after him, he's got to be hurried up, as it were."

Fatal Result of Delay.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

"Papa, why do they call language the 'mother tongue'?" "Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."—*Town and Country Journal.*

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA

If it is true that variety is the spice of life, then it was indeed a spicy three hours that could be spent at the Toronto Opera House this week. It was the most various show that has been here this season—comic opera, farce, burlesque, vaudeville, ballet, fancy marching and grand opera—and almost every item was the best of its kind. The Black Patti herself would have been a strong enough attraction to have drawn good houses, but with such an extraordinarily elaborate support "standing room only" has been at a premium at the Toronto this week. There is no doubt about it—Mme. Sissieretta Jones can sing, and only for a handicap of parentage she would perhaps be in the running with the great snow-white prima donnas. She has a strong backing in Camille Caselle, contralto, Lloyd Gibbs, tenor, C. L. Moore, baritone, and a chorus of forty voices. The number which showed the chorus to best advantage on Monday night was Ave Marie from Cavalleria Rusticana, though all their selections were splendidly sung. The gem of the grand opera part of the programme, however, was Miserere from Il Trovatore, Black Patti singing the soprano in her best style, while Lloyd Gibbs sang the tenor magnificently. The whole house, from the orchestra chairs to the "gods," enthusiastically applauded this number and called the singers before the curtain. The lighter music in the first half of the programme was also good in its way, though it did not introduce Black Patti or Lloyd Gibbs. In the skit At Jolly Cooney Island, Henry Wise as Rube Green, Bob Cole as the tramp, and B. Johnson, the wheel of fortune man, were very funny. Liz Leary, the belle of Avenue A., was the toughest thing you'd find if you went right through to Avenue Z, while Monkus is quite the cleverest dancer of the boot-black style that has been here this year. Ed. Goggin and Charles Davis in the vaudeville division of the programme did some very clever tumbling and funny business. By the way, it was advertised that Black Patti was supported by "fifty ebony entertainers." Now, so far as I could see, there were about ten darkies altogether. The rest were alabaster entertainers, though for that matter it was plain that there was ebony underneath. The Grand Finale, which is a medley of national airs, starting off with God Save the Queen, sets every patriotic soul in the house to poking under the seat for his hat and helping his neighbor on with his overcoat. Consequently the piece isn't as well appreciated as it might be. It should be re-arranged so as to leave the English anthem till the last, and thus give the patriots the full worth of their money.

Speaking about the splendid attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week, a man about town tells me that years ago, when the Holmans ran a theater in Toronto, they brought out a "Black Patti." Bills were put up announcing the discovery of a colored lady whose singing was equal to Patti's. The night of her appearance came and a great house had gathered. The Black Patti came on between acts, magnificently dressed, and sang with wonderful power, although experts detected some lack of training. On the whole, however, the singer made a hit and her Toronto engagement was a success. But through the elegance of her attire and the myth of her published history, some men about town succeeded in penetrating, and recognized the great diva as none other than a colored servant who had long been in the kitchen of the Holman family. The boom had been well worked up, but it was conceded that proper training might have developed the woman into something unusual.

The fifth annual smoking concert of the employees of the Dominion Express Company was held in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, and was followed on Wednesday evening by the fifth annual concert. On both occasions there was given a clever minstrel performance, followed by a diversified concert programme, concluding with an amusing military spectacle, Parade of the Ninth Battalion. The Dominion Express employees make their annual concert a feature of the season.

Brian Boru, the romantic opera which has scored such a success this season, is to be presented by the Whitney Opera Company at the Grand the last three nights of next week. It is said it will be given here exactly the same as in New York and with the original cast, with one or two exceptions. The opera is said to surpass in every respect Mr. Whitney's other productions, Rob Roy and the Fencing Master. The scenes are laid in the Wicklow Hills and Dublin Castle, with one of Ireland's ancient

kings as the hero. The company is a large one, including over seventy people. In the cast are Amanda Fabius, Amelia Summerville, Grace Golden, Helen Brackett, Louise Margot, Annie Cameron, Max Eugene, Bruce Paget, Samuel I. Slade, John C. Slavin, Tom Ricketts, Geo. O'Donnell, John Hendricks and Thos. F. Leary. The opera is said to contain an interesting story, charming lyrics and melodious music, and will be placed upon the stage in the most elaborate manner. Owing to the length of the opera and heavy stage settings, the curtain will rise promptly at eight o'clock each night and at two at the Saturday matinee.

McKee Rankin comes to the Toronto Opera House next week as an actor in his play, True to Life. Mr. Rankin is a Canadian, a son of the late Col. Rankin of Essex, and is well known to theater-goers all over America. His new play, True to Life, made a great hit at Murray Hill Theater, New York, last fall, where it was first presented, and wherever presented since it has scored a great success. Miss Nance O'Neill, the leading lady, is described by critics everywhere as a "discovery." She is said to be an emotional actress of great promise. The company is precisely the same as opened at Murray Hill theater. This play will run all next week at the Toronto Opera House.

Mr. A. E. Ecclestone and Mr. Laurie Boyd are mentioned as the tenor team at the Young Liberal minstrel show at the Princess Theater on Monday evening, March 1. Some excellent singers are in the company, and Mr. Schuch, the conductor, is credited with having got the chorus into fine shape. The work of getting up gags that will not offend the most fastidious, while provoking to laughter the most forlorn and lugubrious, goes gaily on. That the theater will be crowded to the doors seems certain.

The clever comedians, Ward and Vokes, with their amusing farce-comedy, A Run on the Bank, will be seen at the Toronto in a few weeks. Their engagement this time will no doubt be as successful as that of last season, when the theater was not large enough to hold the people who wanted to see them.

The Grand will open next Thursday with the Whitney Opera Company in Brian Boru. The Sign of the Cross, which was announced some time ago for the present week, had its Toronto engagement postponed for some reason. W. H. Crane will be heartily welcomed when he comes with A Fool of Fortune. He will be supported by Miss Effie Shannon and a capable company.

LOGE.

SPORTING COMMENT

IN defeating the Frontenacs of Kingston 3-0 last Wednesday at the Caledonia, Berlin secured the Intermediate championship of the O.H.A. The softness of the ice utterly precluded the possibility of good hockey being played, and the game was practically nothing more than fast shinny. The splendid condition of the Berlin team, combined with judgment in adapting their

style of play to the condition of the ice, won them the game. The Frontenacs pursued the same tactics they would have used on keen ice, and played a passing game, thereby losing the puck, which would stick in, instead of traveling over the ice. On the other hand, the Berlin forwards rushed the puck down the sides by individual effort, seldom attempting much combination work. None of the forwards played brilliantly enough to warrant individual mention, although Reynier of the Frontenacs gave evidences of being a wonderful stick handler. He is not, however, a great source of strength to the team, being too fond of toying with the puck and skating around and around instead of going ahead. His style of play looks very pretty from the gallery, but a man who can skate straight ahead and pass when he has the opportunity, would be of more value to the team. The Frontenacs were kept on the defensive throughout the game, and seldom worked the puck down to the Berlin end. McDowell at cover and Rigney at point worked a very strong defence and were kept busy all the game, but did not over-exert themselves so far as lifting was concerned. Lamb, in goal, played well, being both cool and quick. The Berlin defence had little to do, but J. Seagram at cover and Gibson at point did little well. Boehmer, the goal-keeper, only had to clear his goal once or twice, so it was impossible to gauge his strength. As a whole the Frontenac team played in a very lackadaisical manner, being careful not to tire themselves; this contrasted strangely with the methods of the Berlin team, which played a hard game from start to finish. Berlin's victory will do the game a great amount of good in Western Ontario, where hockey is practically a new sport, and the teams in such towns as Guelph, Ayr, Stratford, etc., will be stimulated to make greater efforts than ever next year with a view of securing one of the O.H.A. championships.

Queen's 6, Varsity 1. Toronto University, with its numerous students, should surely be able to put a better team on the ice than the seven which met Queen's last Friday at the Caledonia. Their forwards, with the exception of Shepard, played very elementary hockey. Morrison was on again vice Elliott, and though doing better than in previous games this season, is not good enough for a place on a senior O. H. A. team. Both he and Snell were slow in getting away, and the hard work of Shepard, who played brilliantly and rushed the puck

down the ice continuously, was nullified by these two men not being in position to shoot from his passes. Parry also played poorly, being the weakest man on the forward line. 'Varsity were slow in following on, and worked but little combination, being very closely checked by Queen's. They partially compensated for this, however, by playing hard, so that the game was stubbornly contested throughout. Against fast following on, a defense, to be effective, must be quick. Now, Parry at cover and Scott at point were anything but that, and their relieving left much to be desired. Waldie played excellently between the posts, and stopped several rushes practically unaided. He and Shepard were the only 'Varsity men who did their work well. Queen's



Macdonald of Berlin.

team is probably quite as strong as last year, though Merrill is not the equal of Randy McLennan, nor Dalton as good as McKay. The forward line followed on fast and showed some excellent combination. Hart is perhaps the star of the team; he is a particularly fast and graceful skater and shoots hard and accurately. Weatherhead and Brock played well and were always in their places. Dalton was tricky, but hardly so fast as the other three. The defence was strong; Merrill made few mistakes at cover, and Curtis gave the best exposition of point playing seen in Toronto this season. Hiscok kept goal cleverly, only allowing one shot to pass him. Mr. Brown refereed the game acceptably.

Victorias of Guelph 5, Wellingtons 4. Although the Wellingtons were defeated at the Caledonia last Monday, they won the junior O. H. A. championship, having a margin over the previous game of 3 goals. The game was a fair exhibition of hockey, especially in the first half, when the Wellingtons showed some excellent combination and scored 4 goals to Victoria's 2. Donaldson was ruled off in the second half for raising his stick, and during his absence the Wellington forward line went to pieces. The Wellington forwards were faster than Victorias, but their defence hardly as strong, and Morrison at cover played well, but Gray at point and Morrison in goal were slightly off color; the latter was sick and not at all in condition to play. Guelph has a good team, and their success was in no slight degree due to their pluckiness. Their forwards have a good idea of combination, but are somewhat slow and weak in shooting. Till and Petrie rather outshone the other men. Smith at cover lifted well and played a very safe game. Johnston in goal stopped some difficult shots and cleared quickly. It is not often the case that the defeated and winning teams are both satisfied, but this is an exception. The Wellingtons have the championship, whilst Guelph, having won the last game, think they are just about as good as the other junior O. H. A. teams.

Dominion 14, Imperial 8. Though the hockey played at the Victoria last Tuesday night was rather ragged, yet at times some clever work was done. Imperials had the best forward

line they have played this season. Spragge, Kavanagh and Whitely made some pretty rushes and shot well. Neither Nasmith nor Lee was in the same class as the balance of the players. Imperial's defence was only fair, and Foster, in goal, played poorly, allowing several easy shots to go through. The Dominion forward line did not combine well together, and Wiley was greatly missed. Brough being hurt, Barron was tried at cover and did rather well. Helliwell made few mistakes in goal. The game was remarkable for the number of off sides. Imperial have played six games this season and lost them all, and unless they procure some new talent it would be well for them to drop out of the Senior Bank League series next year.

Commerce 8, Imperial 0. Last Saturday's game at the Victoria was one-sided and uninteresting, the only notable feature being that it was the first Bank League game this season in which one team did not score. The Commerce forwards had everything their own way but did not play as well as they should have done; but for the good work of Kavanagh and Patterson, the Imperial cover-point and point, the score would have been much larger. The Imperial forward line, and notably Cartwright, were very weak and did little combined work.

That man Garrard who outboxed Hanley at the Princess last Saturday night is nothing short of a physical freak. To look at him one would suppose that he was too spindly and thin to stand alone for five minutes without leaning against something. From the shoulders down he looked like a Roentgen photograph of a man. He reminded me of the photographs we see of the famine-stricken people of India—so long, gaunt and uncanny. To add to the loud toot of his "ongongong," he has excessively large ears, and one of them has apparently been run over, some time or other, by a railway truck or some other crushing weight. But the fellow was not bad-looking—he had the air of being dead and buried (if the gentle reader can follow my meaning), and of having come back a gaunt, implacable ghost, to defeat Hanley. As I have said, he looked uncanny. Yet he wore the sweetest little smile you could wish to see, and during the bout he never gave the smallest sign of anger. He impressed me as the fairest of boxers, whilst Hanley, confronted by defeat, forgot all the rules of sport. There are a great many men who win with grace, but when they get the short end of a game disappoint everybody. The statement is made that Garrard weighed 134 lbs., and that he can weigh in at 130. It seems to me that his weight could not be reduced one ounce, unless by trimming his ears, shaving his head and pulling his teeth. Much interest is being taken in the Collier-Crawford bout at the Princess to-night and the other programme at the Athletic Club.

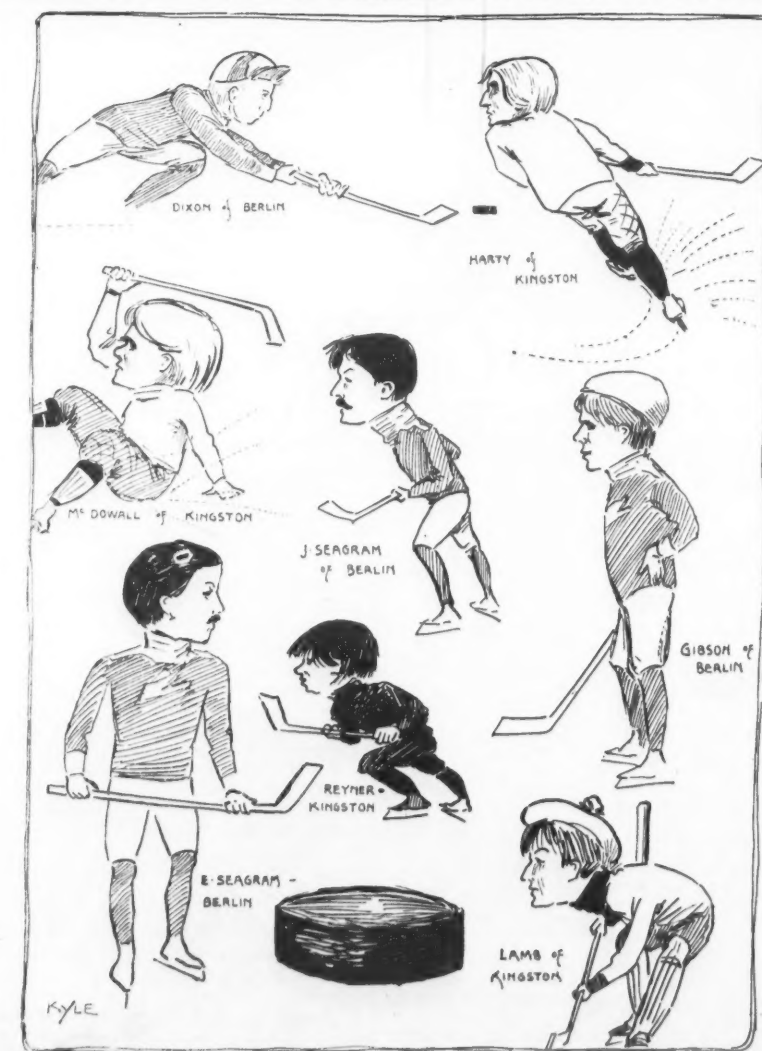
Chatham is in the field for the C. W. A. meet for 1897. Nearly all the business men of that city have joined the local bicycle club, and are joining hand-and-glove in all plans for securing the meet and making accommodations for the great crowds of wheelmen who will attend. I believe that Peterboro' will not put forward a claim, and have not heard that any other town is "hustling." It looks as if it would take a big pull to defeat Chatham now that that city has taken hold of the matter so generously. The Planet will issue a cycling edition in a couple of weeks, printed on fine book paper and illustrated, and every member of the C. W. A. will get a copy. It looks as if Chatham is organizing a winning campaign.

Press of matter prevents comment on the Queen's Varsity game at Kingston on Wednesday evening.

THE UMPIRE.

A farmer wrote to his lawyer as follows: "Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to."

Tramp (at dentist's door)—I'd like my teeth filled. Dentist—What with—gold or silver? Tramp (eagerly)—Oh! just plain bread will do!



Berlin vs. Frontenacs of Kingston.

My Beloved.

For Saturday Night.

Oh madly, madly do I love,
Although I eat and sleep full well,
But were my love a saint above
Her present self she'd not excel.

What must I say in proper praise
Of such a precious lady fair
I swear on bright or gloomy days
I see the same sweet look is there.

She changes not; she pains me not,
As maidens oft are wont to do,
With talk as soon as told forgot,
She tells not what she never knew.

My love is proud and pleasing shy;
Her hair is done in Grecian style;
Oh large and wondrous is her eye;
She lacketh every female wile.

Venus de Milo is her name,
She stands within a public hall;
A statue she, a worthy flame
For beauty-lovers one and all.

Toronto, Feb., '97. W. T. ALLISON.

The Peacemaker.

For Saturday Night.

Crabbed and cross was Peter Frown
And caus'd his wife much wailing;
Until the parson of the town
Pray'd heav'n to heal his failing.

But, as the angels fear'd to go
And aid poor Peter's lady,
They sent to soothe the strife below
A chubby cherub baby.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Bishop of Ripon's "Motto" for 1897.

"Go into the village over against you."—St. Matt. xxi., 2.

In the great world, aching with many needs,
We often dream;
And our fond hearts imagine dazzling deeds,
And in our dreaming everything succeeds:
The mountains topple over at a touch,
To cleave the seas for us is not too much.

Lord! wake us from our dream.
Lord! wake us from our dream to see
Things as they are;

The lowly place where humble duties wait,
God-given duties at our very gate,
The work which makes for service, not for fame,
Which buries self and setteth forth Thy name—
Deeds near, not dreams afar.

For would'st thou share the triumphs of thy Lord,

This simple task fulfill:
Enter the hamlet lying close at hand;
Forgetting self, do there thy Lord's command;
There creature meet for ministry abide,
For all find use when at the Master's side.

His wishes be thy will! Lo near to thee,
Thy life, thy home, thy heart
Fill up thy life with good which can endure;
Tenant thy home with love serene and pure,
And let His Spirit thy weak heart fill
With nobler aim and renovated will—
For Him do thou thy part.

The Palace, Ripon, Christmas, 1896.

A Song.

San Francisco Town Talk.

To-night I have heard a guitar,
And ever my fancy is roving
To the country where laughing and loving,
I wandered afar,
And the pulse of my heart is still proving
That I've heard a guitar.

Just a sad minor strain, softly ringing
Through the tune like a tender voice singing:
Unto memory's ear it is bringing
A song 'neath the star.

That I find now my heart is still clinging
Since I've heard a guitar.
Dear land full of sunshine and gladness,
Through a region of mist and of sadness
You call from afar—
And my heart knows a rapturous madness—
To-night I have heard a guitar. W. L. G.

The Growth of the Critic.

I
He painted first a picture, but he made a wretched
daub of it.
And long he sought for further jobs—but got no other
a job of it.

And then the man he tried to sing, but made a noisy
screach of it;
And everyone who heard his voice ran off beyond
the reach of it.

And then he played the violin, but made such
wretched mess of it,
That all who heard his music wished sincerely there
was less of it.

And then he wrote a novel next, but made such fear-
ful bore of it,
That all who read to chapter two declared they
wished no more of it.

II
And now, when he had tired of life, because of the
distress of it,
He was hired as a critic, and made a great success
of it.

III
And he told the gifted painter that his picture had
no life in it,
And with an ugly-looking stab he thrust his critic
knife in it.

He showed the great musician how his music had no
soul in it;
And he told the mighty poet that his metre had no
roll in it.

And he told the heavenly singer that his voice had
no uplift in it;
And he told the novel writer that his novel had no
gift in it.

IV
All bowed before the critic, and they trembled at the
nod of him,
And knelt to his almightiness, and made a little god
of him.

—Etc.

"Sic Semper Femina!"

From 'Varsity.

Miss Phyllis was charming—but oh, so shy—
Forever there glittered a tear in her eye;
Miss Phyllis was drooping as ready to cry,
But, alas! she was flirting—and so was I.

'Twas summer, and idly in hammock we swung,
And soft in the pine-tree the whip-poor-will sung
Where the moonlight was stealing the tree-trunks
among;
And Miss Phyllis and I—well, you know—we were
young!

She promised to love me till death did us part;
She swore that I only had place in her heart.
But, alas! she was waiting for me to depart
To catch a new victim—by similar art!

MERVYN.

The Backsliding of Rev. Tenter Hooks, B.D.

REV. TENTER HOOKS, B.D., was quite put out. His usually placid spirit was disturbed. It might have been said that he was "mad as a hornet," only that he, being a clergyman, was not subject to fits of anger like the rest of us. Rev. Mr. Hooks was irritated, however—clearly and undisguisedly irritated—as he bounced the teething baby first on one knee and then on the other in a vain effort to keep it quiet.

A nice occupation this for a Bachelor of Divinity and pastor of one of the most influential churches in the city!

It was the injustice of the thing that irritated him. Try as he might he could not get away from this comparatively new view of his domestic habits—the injustice of it all—expecting him to hold his own as a pulpit orator while his days were spent in "minding" a cross baby. No man could hold his place in the front rank under such conditions.

At first, when his wife had begun to leave the baby in his study when she went out on her afternoon rounds, he felt proud of her devotion to church work. Later he had extracted pleasure from contemplating the uncomplaining way in which he resigned himself to domestic duties. But now he was ready for rebellion.

He had a fine theme in his mind for next Sunday's sermon, but the child seemed determined to remain awake. He sang Beulah Land in slumberous drones, and twice had the child in its cradle, but twice it taught him in the act and shrieked at his treachery in trying to get rid of it.

At last he plumped it on a rug in the center of the floor, and strode to the window. No sign of his wife. Let the child bawl—it would bawl anyway! Mary, the servant, was ironing in the basement—it wouldn't do to call her from that important work. Her work was so much more important than his.

Away over the housetops he could see the steeple of his church. How other clergymen envied him—but if they only knew! If they only knew! Spending his week doing the work of a nurse-girl; drawing his sermons from his inner consciousness; not allowed—no, not allowed to prepare sermons as others did. The carpenter going daily to his work is regarded as a man by his wife, but because he didn't pound an anvil or saw and plane boards, his wife regarded him as a sort of ordained nurse-girl, a sanctified domestic servant! He was, in her sight, an assistant house-helper, and sweeping and keeping the house tidy was the main thing; his profession was nothing, his sermons nothing, his career nothing!

Impatiently he grabbed a newspaper that lay folded with nice precision on a table, and threw it on the floor. That gave him an idea—he would flare up and be the man of the house.

Seizing the baby he squeezed it firmly in his arms, and by sheer concentration of forces sung and rocked it to sleep. He plumped the child roughly in the cradle, twisted a coverlet over it, and was somewhat astonished to see that it peacefully slumbered on.

"That's a good start," he muttered. Then he took the rug from the study floor and tossed it into the hallway. He hated that rug. It was the emblem of his servitude as nurse.

In a drawer he found the key of his study, and putting this in his pocket resolved that hereafter he would lock himself in with his books and manuscripts three hours a day. He would run his own house even if he had to run everybody else out of it.

Then he got out his hat—two or three of his hats—and brushed them furiously in the drawing-room. Mrs. Hooks never allowed him to brush anything elsewhere than in the kitchen. He would show her—better still, he would refuse to brush anything anywhere, not even his waistcoat.

"There," he said, throwing the whisk on the floor, "if she wants it hung on the wall she can hang it on the wall. Hereafter I shall decline to see a whisk-holder, or a slipper-holder, or any other of the—handicuffs that I've submitted to."

In rummaging for a clean handkerchief he found something: It was a cigar.

"Her brother Ned left this here," he said, turning it about in his fingers.

"Why not? Decidedly, why not?" he replied to some inward suggestion. He drew a handful of matches from a neat holder on the wall, deliberately flung them in disorder on a stand, and lit the cigar.

"Now, then, let her come home and have it out," he said, puffing wickedly at the cigar, a treat he had not enjoyed for three years. He put his heels up on the little round table, with its dainty hand-painted covering, and waited. His wrongs trooped complacently before his view, and he was filled with indignant surprise that he had submitted as long as he had.

Then he heard laughing voices at the door. From the window he saw Mrs. Hooks and a spectacled lady powerful in raising mission funds, chatting there.

"After all," he said slowly and reflectively, "I suppose this is hardly the proper thing," and he held the cigar stub up between thumb and finger. "There's no use putting myself in the wrong at the outset."

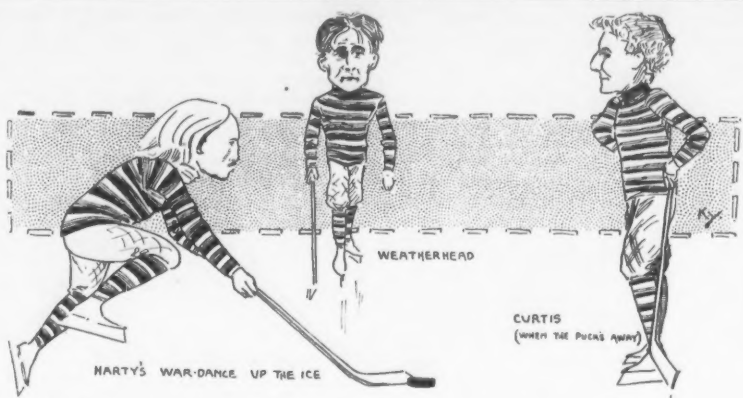
He stepped out to the grate in the hall and, with the tongs, punched the cigar deep into the hot coals. Taking a corner of his handkerchief in each hand he whipped the air to dispel the wreaths of smoke. They dodged this way and that, guiltily, in quest of hiding, and then took the disguise of air.

Looking from the window he saw his wife still talking with the spectacled lady. The matches—he mustn't leave them tossed about, for they hinted of that villainous cigar. Luckily women are talkative at parting, and so there yet remained time to replace the whisk in the holder. Perhaps he could even get the rug back in its place, and the hats—oh, yes, the hats, he had nearly forgotten them. Good—not a trace left. "No use letting her see that I've been in a passion," he muttered.

"Well, dear, is the little pet sleeping?" enquired Mrs. Hooks, fluttering a tip-toe to the cradle.

"Yes, dear," he said. "The wee-darling," she gloated. "Did you change him?"

"No, pet! I—I couldn't find a dry one," he said.



A Trio of Queen's Men.

Adventure on the Gatineau.

LECTURER of Toronto University and a friend were doing the Gatineau in a canoe last summer, and, according to a story that is going about 'Varsity,' they decided to run a rapid that was considered dangerous. They had portaged it before, but having acquired confidence, aimed at something brilliant. To be prepared for emergencies they stripped, piled everything in the canoe and started down stream.

They had only nicely got into the rapids when the canoe was thrown against a point of rock, and out they went. To save their lives was their chief care, and this kept them busy, for they were tossed about in reckless fashion. When they reached safe ground below the rapids, it was found that they had saved a damaged canoe, and one had caught a shirt and the other a pair of drawers. This comprised the collective attire of two gentlemen who are somewhat fastidious as to dress. They were nearly a day's journey from camp. Each one seized the garment that fell to his lot, but, thus attired, they agreed that something further was necessary. Finally, one man put on the full suit and set out to hunt up the house of a settler, while the other retired into the woods. The scout returned after a time with a bundle of rough but very welcome clothes, and they were enabled to return to that civilization from which they had seemed to be forever banished.

The New Journalism.

NEW order of things has come to pass in the newspaper field in New York. Mr. Hearst of San Francisco when he bought the *Journal* made up his mind to beat Pulitzer of the *World* at his own game. Hearst has his father's fortune of thirty million dollars. It is necessary to explain that the old man was not an editor, but a silver miner, hence his millions. The son, having "done" Europe and had all the fun that America could yield him, looked about for some untried excitement and he thought him of a newspaper. He bought one in San Francisco and it yielded so many sensations (to himself and to the public) that he swooped down on New York and bought the *Journal*. Having an immense income from his millions and his mines, he figured that this income would total an amount such as was never spent upon a newspaper. Therefore he pours his income into the coffers of the newspaper, draws nothing from the revenue made by the paper, but devotes all to making the *Journal* the most lavish money-spending concern of the kind on earth. The moment he had secured the New York paper he telegraphed gilt-edged offers to all the smartest press men on the Pacific Coast, and several of them came. Whenever a man bobs into prominence anywhere as a writer or an artist, Hearst secures him at any price.

It will be remembered that he sent a secret agent to the New York *World* office and secured every man-jack on the staff of the Sunday paper at almost fabulous salaries. The war between the *Journal* and the *World* is bitter and continuous, but Pulitzer is unfortunately without silver mines. He has only an unconsignable box-office at his back. An artist named Outcort began drawing a certain Yellow Kid in the *World*, a gamin in a yellow shirt. There was nothing brilliant about it but the yellow ink, yet Hearst coveted the kid and sent for Outcort. He signed a contract with the artist guaranteeing him ten thousand dollars a year for drawings to ornament one page of the paper each week, the copyright to belong to the artist, who is also free to do any other work he chooses so long as he does nothing for any other daily paper. All Hearst wanted was to get the man away from Pulitzer. The latter made up his mind to retaliate. Hearst had brought an artist named Davenport from San Francisco, and Pulitzer's editor sent for him. "You are now getting \$75 per week, are you not? Well, here is a contract by which we agree to pay you \$125 per week if you will join our staff. Sign it." Mr. Davenport asked half an hour to consider, and admitted that he wished to consult Hearst. On learning Pulitzer's offer, Hearst said: "My dear boy, you have been working too hard; you need more salary and a good rest. Here is an order—you are to receive hereafter \$250 per week, and you are to take six months' leave of absence to make a tour of Europe at the *Journal's* expense, and your salary of course to continue while you are away." Mr. Davenport is at the present time doing Europe at Hearst's expense and his salary piling up at home.

If Hearst's millions were expended merely in purchasing the aid of the ablest and smartest men to be had, his enterprise might be applauded, but he appears to recognize no moral restraints whatever. He not only lures able men from useful work, but he casts their brains into the other scale. He seems to hold that a newspaper has no duty but to obey its owner's pleasure. It is his creature, his thug. What he conceives to be art is art, and a million people daily accept it as art. The best brains of the country are to obey the nod of a man whose power is derived from the fact that his father found a silver mine, and this silver

mine, this pit in the earth, might be the bottomless pit itself, judged by the demoralization that belches from its mouth and hangs over New York like a fog. It used to be said that Satan sometimes entered a pulpit, and now the day of the press having arrived Satan no doubt needs a newspaper. If so, by evil magic he will see that that silver mine grows richer. There are three ways in which the present newspaper situation may end: Hearst may sustain such losses that he will take up with a cheaper fad, or Pulitzer's staying power may give out, or public taste may become so debauched and morality so beaten down that the *Journal* and the *World* may both thrive and respectable journalism pass away. Toronto, February, 1897. T.

The Children Who Saved Hamburg.

HAMBURG was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city, he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy; and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard. Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought that it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories; but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.

Some Native Literature.

FROM many quarters comes a cry for a Canadian literature—a literature all our own. Rev. W. W. Walker has responded with *An Itinerary* in the British Isles, published by William Briggs, and illustrated with pictures of things and scenes that abound in the guide-books. At last we have a literature that no other nation will claim or duplicate.

The fourth line of the introduction announces the surprising fact that Mr. Walker has become "we" within a very few moments of starting to write. He condescends to announce that he does not hold the volume up as a model, and adds that it was published only to preserve the record of his visit—and at the request of friends who wanted copies of the book as soon as it was in print. Yes, we all know those friends, as Uncle Gregory would say.

The first chapter of the book is entitled *Montreal and Maine*, and the first page of it carries "we" to Montreal, where we learn that "we" spent "our" college days. Incidentally it might be well to mention that "we" had taken a palace car from Toronto. When "our" train moved out of Montreal for Portland, there were "partings such as chill the life from out young hearts," and the reader is thrilled by a description of a Montreal lady leaving her husband.

band. She, however, "soon settled down, and eventually became a brave and resolute woman, both by land and sea," as the reader will no doubt be very glad to learn. The journey through Maine caused Mr. Walker to approve the residents of that state as a "hardy race and brainy and virtuous people," an assumption which is proved correct by "their temperate habits and prohibitory law." It will interest the reader to know that "we thundered with great rapidity over threads of throbbing steel towards the mighty Atlantic. At last an exclamation burst from the lips of someone in our car that made us all start, 'The sea! The sea!'" The next page of this chapter informs us that "we" had attended a school of elocution and oratory in the Western States, and contrasts the courtesy there with the discourtesy of Portlanders.

Chapter Second gives an uncomplimentary opinion upon the battery at Portland harbor and a dissertation upon seasickness. The steamship is described and the officers and men are complimented, "except occasionally some of them indulged in language that was in the eyes of a theologian a little unscriptural," from which it would appear that ministerial cars might not be offended by this profanity, although "we" suggested to a sailor that he should say "Hades" instead of "Hell." "We" sighted a shoal of porpoises and "with regard to their number we may say their name was legion, for they were many." An account of icebergs is given, and it will startle the reader to see that "one of mighty proportions, and cloud-piercing height, and transcendent beauty reminded us of what we imagine the great white throne of God in the heavens will be."

Perhaps the most amusing feature of this astonishing book is Mr. Walker's story of how he preached on board ship.

The regular English Church service was to be read, and the surgeon "invited the writer to take charge of the service. We protested that we were not familiar with the service of the Church, but he insisted that he would sit behind us and give directions as to the passages to be read and also the prayers for a morning service at sea; and then to help us to decide he suggested a short sermon at the close of the ship's service." This inducement must have proved too much, for "we could not resist further, and as a precautionary measure, because of a considerable motion of the vessel, we drew a table so close to the side of the saloon that there was just room for our lower limbs, and wedged in that position, with nearly all the saloon passengers and many from the second cabin before us, and our friend the surgeon at our side, we proceeded with the service, and to our infinite relief got through the entire performance without a single hitch." The calm confidence of an author who would write such a ridiculous passage as the above is shown by the next seven words: "The danger of bungling was now past." It is therefore but natural that "the remainder of the Sabbath passed quietly away." A storm at sea is the next subject treated by this fascinating and versatile writer, who estimated the billows as thirty feet high, and descriptions of them as mountains were gross exaggerations. They were like little hills.

The impressions of England gained by Rev. W. W. Walker are just as valuable as the reader would expect them to be, and no more. He found the preacher at Westminster Abbey (one Canon Farrer) satisfactory on the whole, but after hearing all the great preachers went to a Methodist chapel and heard a local preacher, whom he rather preferred to any of the others.

The volume occupies over two hundred pages and is of that stamp which certain personages desire to introduce into Sunday schools to benefit the children of our country. Better far to put it in the hands of teachers in our public schools that they may take from it examples of false syntax and ill-constructed sentences for their pupils to correct. In the interests of their own work the Education Department should, if possible, prevent a volume, the composition of which is so inaccurate, from being read by children who might imbibe some of its thousand and one clumsy and awkward expressions to the detriment of instruction they may receive at school. JOSH.

Lost in Rosedale.

IT may appear unreasonable, as well as idiotic, to say one could be lost in Rosedale no later than two weeks ago, one who was born and bred within a mile and a half of that select quarter. Such, however, was my case, and I have visited the neighborhood dozens of times, being almost as familiar with it as I am with Sherbourne street, which, in the vicinity of All Saints', recognizes me as one of its choicest residents. I was invited to attend a progressive euchre or pedro party, I'm not certain which, at the residence of Mr. R. H. Rosedale, on this particular occasion, and the night was wild and stormy; the wind seemed to be blowing at the rate of fifty knots an hour, and every knot hit me on the face and chest. I had been told to go along Gwynne street, turn to the left, then to the right, and then take another turn which would bring me to Rosedale road.

"Cross the bridge at Gwynne street?" I asked.

"No; there isn't a bridge on Gwynne street."

"All right," I said, "I know the way," and started up Yonge to Roxborough avenue, then struck in an easterly direction. I took a road to the right which wound through a ravine, and then tacked in the opposite direction. I then took another road which wound some other way, till I became convinced I was out of my latitude completely, and it was dark as pitch. I paused here and expressed, in very plain terms, my opinion of the neighborhood and the weather, but this had no visible effect on the situation. Buffeting the storm came a man and a woman. I asked the man if he could direct me to Rosedale road.

"O, yes," he replied. "Keep right on; you are all right now."

So I kept on for a space, I believed, of seven miles, up and down some frowning hills, over a bridge, and the first thing I knew I ran against the Athletic ground fence somewhere in the county of York! I knew that fence, and so I cast restraint to the winds and spoke my honest feelings.

Retracing my steps, I soon saw the lights from an house set on an hill. Groping about it I found the door and gave the bell a jerk. In course of time there sounded a tread within, then came the noise of chains being unfastened and bars removed, and when a voice growled, "Who is there?" I felt that I was either the hero in a historical novel or else that I had found a private insane asylum. There must have been at least three doors to unbar.

"Where am I?" was my demand, and then, remembering that I was at his mercy, I cooled down and explained the situation. He good-naturedly told me to take the first turn to the right, and another to the left, and I would arrive at my destination. I then started downhill, which was icy. I slipped, and the ice rose up and hit me like a pile-driver and dislocated my funny bone. I became a raving maniac and felt it was necessary to shed human blood. I groped about in the snow for a stone or a bludgeon. I would smash anybody I met without waiting for them to tell me to "turn first to the left, go one block and then turn to the right." I would just simply spring on the first man I met and make him a martyr to the villainy of the neighborhood. I peered eagerly through the storm. Anybody would do; but, nobody could be had.

In seeking a victim I found a house, and, pulling a bell, resolved to grapple with the householder if told to "turn" even once. Fortunately for the girl who came to the door, she said my friend lived in the house from which lights could be seen twinkling not far away. No sooner had I entered than my friend said: "It's a nasty night, and I'm glad you had no difficulty in finding us."

Then unconsciousness overtook me and I fell in a welcome swoon. C. H. M.

Toronto, Feb., 97.

Stories of and for Clergymen.

IT is told of a certain humorous canon of the Protestant Church of Ireland that he was one day driving in a car close to the Lakes of Killarney, where echoes are repeated in some places as many as eight times. Addressing the driver, he said, "Do you know, Pat, that there are none but Protestant echoes here?" "No, sir, I never heard it; and I don't believe it, either." "Well, you shall hear it presently," said the canon. Arriving at a favorable spot, the canon called out, beginning softly, and raising his voice as he came to the last words, "Do you believe in Plo Nono?" Echo answered, "No, no—no, no—no, no—no, no." Pat, though a zealous Catholic, was delighted at the joke, and said, "Bedad, when I drive one of the mal clergy here, won't I have sport out of him!"

Once a clergyman went to pay a visit to an old Yorkshire yeoman, of the old type, who was lying on his deathbed, and after a few preliminary words the worthy minister said that, if the veteran had anything on his mind, he hoped he would ease his conscience and confide it to his pastoral ear, so that he might die in peace. "Well, sir," answered the old sportsman, "if I only had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

A sergeant of a company of British infantry quartered in a Dacoit-infested part of Burma a few years ago, was a firm believer in destiny. One evening, when dressing, preparatory to taking a stroll in the jungle, he was noticed by a corporal, a persistent opponent of the destiny theory, to slip a revolver into his pocket. "Hello!" shouted the corporal, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come." "No," replied the sergeant; "but, you see, I may happen to come across a Dacoit whose last day has come."

Some time ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed by Dr. Temple, was, as is usual, bidden to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that the Bishop might judge of his fitness for conducting public worship. "Not loud enough!" growled the prelate when the young man had finished. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that, my lord! A lady in church yesterday told me I could be heard at the very bottom of the church." "Ah! are you engaged?" queried the Bishop, with a keen glance from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "Yes, my lord," was the reply of the candidate. "Now, listen to me, young man," roughly but kindly replied Dr. Temple. "While you are engaged to her, don't believe a word she tells you; but," he added, with a grim chuckle, "after you are married, believe every word she says."

This Made Him Tired.

Inventor—I have an idea for a little contrivance that will save bicyclists from annoyance from tacks—no more punctures.

Architect—Well, I have an idea also in the same line. I was proposing to see Mayor Fleming and the Board of Control on this bicycle puncture nuisance. I think they should pass a by-law exempting bicycle tires from all tacks.

Here's a Brewery Joke.

Sturgeon Falls Advertiser.

Harry—Did you see that car of frogs go through?

R. M.—No; who are they for?

Harry—O'Keefe, the brewer in Toronto.

R. M.—What does he want them for?

Harry—To get the hops.

Had 'em on Straight.

Tit-Bits.

A lady cyclist in knickerbockers was riding in the neighborhood of Wareham. She lost her way, and, seeing a countryman in front, rode up to him, alighted, and said, "Can you tell me if this is the right way to Wareham?"

The man looked her up and down with great attention, and then slowly replied, "Yes, miss—yes; you seem to have got 'em on all right."

Here's a Good One.

Torturer—What's the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty.

Victim—There's no difference at all.

Torturer—Isn't there? Twice twenty-five's fifty. (Victim nods.) Twice five's ten, and twenty's thirty. Fine day, isn't it?

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Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 22	Mar. 25	Mar. 26
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Mar. 20	Mar. 29	Mar. 31	Apr. 1
Werra	Apr. 3	Apr. 12	Apr. 15	Apr. 16
Fulda	Apr. 10	Apr. 19	Apr. 22	Apr. 23
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Apr. 17	Apr. 26	Apr. 29	Apr. 30
Werra	Apr. 24	May 3	May 6	May 7
Fulda	May 1	May 10	May 13	May 14
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	May 8	May 17	May 20	May 21

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Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 22
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New York, Mar. 9, 10 St. Paul, Mar. 21, 10
St. Louis, Mar. 10, 10 New York, Mar. 31, 10
Paris, Mar. 17, 10 A.M.

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AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Anecdotal.

As school-inspector Matthew Arnold was examining a class in geography one day, and, holding up the poker with which he was about to stir the fire, he asked "if any child could tell him where it was manufactured." There was a long silence, broken by the school-mistress, who remarked nervously that such information was not mentioned in Cornwell's Geography. "No," said Arnold; "Cornwell's an ass."

On October 2, 1795, a wager came off at Brighton between Sir John Lade—who figures in Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*—and Lord Cholmondeley, whom he had undertaken to carry twice around the Steine, pickaback; as his lordship was stout and Sir John a little fellow, the concourse was large to see it; but he had no backers. "Now, my lord, strip," said he; "I undertook to carry you, but not your clothes." Whereby he won his bet without any exertion.

Father Hugh Lagan of San Rafael is a pious priest and an excellent raconteur. His Reverence relates that he was called in recently to administer the last rites of Mother Church to a dying sinner, who, like himself, was a native of the Emerald Isle. "I have but one request to make, Father," gasped the dying penitent. "What is it, my son?" enquired the priest. "That when I am dead, Father, you will put me to rest in the Hebrew cemetery." "And what for?" asked Father Lagan. "Because, your Reverence," moaned the sick man, "it is the last place on the face of the globe where the devil would look for an Irishman."

Congressman Dolliver of Iowa is the author of the now famous phrase, "Advance Agent of Prosperity," as applied to Major McKinley. Impatient men are fond of writing letters to Mr. Dolliver, asking him when the show is to come along. To one such correspondent, a resident of Calhoun County, Ia., Mr. Dolliver replied to the following effect: "First—Major McKinley is not yet President. Second—It takes a long time to get out of such a condition as the country has been in for several years. Third—You know you can go out to Hell Slough in your county and get so deep in it before breakfast that you can't get out before sundown."

A pretty story is told in the French press



That Horrid Picture

—Of a skeleton on a nice bicycle saddle is the suggestion of a famous physician, intended to illustrate one of the very important advantages of the Christy Anatomical Bicycle Saddle over all other kinds. By preventing unnatural pressure on sensitive parts of the rider, this saddle prevents incurable malformation—and no other saddle rides so safely, comfortably and easy. The new model spiral spring Christy saddle is a model of perfection. Send for the illustrated Christy booklet. It's free.



35 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

about the Kaiser. Recently His Majesty went to the Berlin barracks alone. The corporal on guard recognized the Kaiser immediately, and saluted him. The Kaiser was pleased and, approaching the soldier, said: "Why do you look so sad, corporal?" The corporal did not reply. The Emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love. At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant-major, but that her father would not give his consent until he became a sergeant. "And do you love her very much?" asked the Kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said the Emperor, "go and tell your future father-in-law that William II. makes you a sergeant."

The ability of some people to convince themselves that whatever they wish to do is right is illustrated by Mr. Francis H. Hardy in the *Fortnightly Review* as follows: "I had a friend who once chanced to take by mistake a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill. We, his friends, all commiserated with him over his loss, and when, to soothe his wounded pride, he pointed out what a splendid counterfeit it was, and how well calculated to deceive, we all agreed with him. One day I asked him to show his celebrated counterfeit to another friend. To my surprise he answered that he had passed it. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'Passed as good money a counterfeit bill?' 'Well,' he answered, 'it was like this. That note was so well got up that, while on some days I knew it was bad, on other days I thought it must be good; and one of the days I thought it was good, why, I passed it!'"

Between You and Me.

MY notion of a luxurious time has been for some years a rather curious one—a compulsory sojourn on the broad of my back for an indefinite period. Last week I had a little taste of it, and the only thing which ruffled my enjoyment was when someone said "Grippe!" I protest against the monotony of this little word. Everyone has gripe nowadays, just as everyone dies of "heart failure." That always seems such a silly thing to announce. The present epidemic of mumps is a distinct blessing; you can't possibly call them gripe or heart failure.

One of the luxuries of my luxurious time was a trained nurse. There are trained nurses who would not come under the head of luxuries to me—some of them couldn't help it; we don't give ourselves teeth that hang down, or eyes without sparkle, or over-large ears, or thin, hard fingers, all knuckles and bumps like a boarding-house pillow! We can't help elbows worn at an angle that spells awkward, and hair that won't stay put, and clumsy feet and a slouching sitting attitude that seems to shout from every flabby curve, "Oh, you are such a tiresome patient!" I have seen nurses like that, but of course I had better hasten to add, not in Toronto. My nurse isn't that pattern, dear Irish girl, with a taste of a brogue and the keenest sense of humor. The very idea of her helped me to get well so fast, and the union with which she chuckled over the bad attack we fought off so gamely made dodging inflammation of the lungs an exquisite joke, and outwitting pleurisy a pastime. And a wild and wicked wish came to me that a catastrophe of some sort or other might just place one newspaper office *hors de combat* for a few days, and nobody hurt, so that one or two small corners which look this way for filling need not be thought about; not because I am not able for them, but because I am enjoying myself so much in the clutches of illness and the hospital nurse.

Can anyone suggest a remedy for a plague of peddlers? Seven times this morning has the door-bell rung, and each of the seven rings was given by a peddler. A lady in a disintegrated lace veil whirled in out of the blizzard with a satchel of soap, just common laundry soap. A man followed in five minutes with a bag smelling queerly, and packed with disinfectants; a boy with hat-pins and elastic; a strange banana man, who was indignantly fired—have we not our traditions, and isn't "John" one of them? ("John," by the way, has gotten his bride in Italy and is now packing up for a return; a potato man and a tin merchant, a picture enlarger and a clothes-prop boy. Clang goes the bell, and there is nothing to do but trot down, for it might be anyone. But the nuisance is growing too large! Someone should invent a remedy. How would a separate bell answer? or as one sees on those queer entries in the Old Country, a row of bells and perhaps a whistle for the use of the tradespeople and the cook. Only the banana man would never ring his proper bell, and the cook would grow red in the face answering a whistle from the south of Europe! We have a secret system of rings from certain people, but they don't go in the full tide of morning. They have in certain Old World cities, notably in a suburb of Hamburg, where I once spent a fortnight, a cute little mirror arrangement on the first floor window frame, which gives a view of the street and the door-steps, and wherein one can look and decide whether a journey downstairs is worth while when the bell rings.

I wish women would study themselves a little bit, those of pronounced presence especially, and among other small points decide artistically what flower suits them best, and then wear it. There are women who should wear one queenly rose, and never more than one; others of the daintier, more fragile mould can wear a *pot-pourri* of tiny blossoms; here and there is one who dare wear a lily; occasionally an orchid need not be made to look politely uncomfortable. There are women so born to wear violets that the dear flower fairly nestles to them, and I have seen the wee purple darlings utterly vulgarized by their wear. How few brides become their orange blossoms! It always exasperates me to see orange blossoms on a blonde or ruddy beauty—they go only with midnight hair, olive or whitest skin, and those fathomless eyes that one loses light in. Orchids are the flowers of the clean-cut, high-bred, pale, pure, patrician beauty, in her presentation gown; forget-me-nots, pinks, all the small pretty blossoms belong to *la petite*

marquise and small, soft, crinkly roses; lilies-of-the-valley to the girl in her first season and to the young bride; red geraniums to the snappy, clever brunette who will not again see twenty-five—roses to her also, yellow or red, but never white! Think of it, some of you! It isn't always the flower you love best that is really your flower; keep the one you love for your own room and enjoy it, but wear the one which suits you, and let your friends have some enjoyment also.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MONA.—My dear child, your character is too unformed, and your writing too crude for delineation at present. It is such a fine, honest hand, but the lines wiggle and waver, and are mere copy-book formations.

ELVA.—Thanks for your good wishes. As to the trouble, it isn't anything of the sort. You are an honest, independent and easy-tempered person, rather conservative, quite incapable of close argument, affectionate, very constant and tenacious, slightly ambitious, rather discreet, cheerful and somewhat to be trusted. Might be more decided.

THE BLACK SHEEP.—This isn't a remarkably cultured pen, but there is lots of go and vitality, some humor (the identical curls of Wanda, I declare); you are impulsive, rather affectionate, no debater, a little apt to look blue at times, but with a good deal of originality and touches of talent. With discipline and culture, the making of a fine character.

VIOLET BURTON.—It has every excuse for being mistaken for a man's hand. You are enterprising, energetic and ambitious, careful in speech and having exceedingly decisive and strong will and opinions, good temper, a pessimistic turn, the temperament somewhat mercurial, manner bright and racy. A very strong and original character, bound to get on and prosper.

WANDA.—1. Sorry you've somehow been neglected. Your question has answered itself. 2. Your writing shows a great deal of decision, independence and force of will; you are bright and magnetic, fond of your own way, and tenacious to a degree. There is a very attractive twist to some of your lines, telling of a humorous and happy streak in your nature. For a woman you have unusual force of character.

WEE DAB.—You are the most original of the lot. Your writing is very clever, and you will perhaps be a well known person some day. You think a good deal of appearances, have very firm opinions, not always as wise as you fancy; love beauty in all forms, are sometimes self-willed and often impulsive; your purpose is light, and in matters of affection I am afraid you may be inconsistent. But you are a discreet Wee Dab, and apt to keep your own counsel.

PHYLLIS.—Are you quite sure you've never had an answer? There is no earthly reason why you should not if you addressed your letter properly. Your writing shows a decided and rather refined character. Your perception is bright and manner correspondingly, not very good sequence of ideas, but a rather neat and careful method; some lack of ease and a tendency to abruptness; a little more style and finish are needed; an honest, frank and reliable person I am sure.

JIM.—1. Frost on Graphology. Nelson Thorpe's Essays, Rosa Baughan's Character in Handwriting. 2. Your writing shows a very forceful, clever and manly nature, honest, sincere, frank and truthful. You are practical, persistent, clear-headed, and you will succeed at almost any business you undertake if you can learn to serve before you are master. And try to cultivate constancy, firm purpose and tenacity, and don't despise the gentler traits. A fine and eloquent study, promising a great deal.

JINKS.—The lines are ingratiating, kind and generous, but they lack firmness. You like sympathetic and appreciative friends, have a very adaptable and easy-going temper, much love of beauty, should be particular in your dress and appreciative of nice surroundings. Your disposition is, on the whole, cheerful, and you had better learn stability before its opposite becomes chronic. You have plenty of character, but need badly firmness and snap. It may be you are not quite strong physically. In such case, wavering is natural.

MARY ANNE.—Come up and have my Christmas dinner with you, eh? Where is "up"? might I enquire. To think of a Christmas dinner so vaguely located. 2. Your writing is like your invitation, it lacks finish. But it isn't weak, and neither are you, only a trifle erratic. A great deal of self-assertion and a healthy self-esteem are yours, and you love your friends and enjoy a crowd about you. You don't always pay enough attention to details, nor can you make a good argument, though you are an ardent partisan. When you are older, Mary Anne, I'll tell you more.

The Secret.

Pick-me-Up.

THE room is in darkness save for the light of a shaded lamp. In the great bed lies a woman—a woman young and beautiful. Seated by the bed-side are two men—the woman's husband, and the doctor. The husband has watched there for three nights without sleep.

The doctor rises, and feels the woman's pulse. While his hand is on her wrist, the husband anxiously scans his face.

"Well, doctor? . . . Well?"
For answer, the doctor shakes his head.
"No hope?"
"No hope."
"O God!"

"She may perhaps regain consciousness for a short time before the end; there may be—there often is—a final rally. Meanwhile, I fear I can do nothing. Perhaps you would rather that I left you?"

"No, stay."

The doctor walks to the end of the room, and looks out of the window into the night.

The husband covers his face with his hands, and thinks. This young life that was now ebbing away—had it, so far as he was concerned, been happy? Had he anything to reproach himself with? . . . No. Thank heaven, no. . . . Everything that she had asked for she had had. He had lavished riches on her—he had lost friends for her—he had given up his little ambitions for her. He had lived for her—been her slave, so that people had laughed at him for it. No man could have loved her as he had loved her. Perhaps the fact that he had not gained her easily had made him treasure her the more. For he had had to teach her to love him. When first he had asked for her, she had said she could not

love him. But gradually her feelings softened towards him. Trouble came upon her family. He allowed her poverty to make no difference to him. He asked for her once more, and this time she consented. Only a few months ago she had told him, what he had never known before, that she had, for the sake of marrying him, broken off a secret engagement to another. That drew him still closer to her. And now he and she, who loved one another so well, are to say good-bye for ever. . . . He prays God to grant him one little favor, and that is that she may speak to him just once more. That would make the parting easier for him.

Suddenly, a long-drawn sigh from the bed, and the woman sits up, and her eyes slowly open, and she stares straight before her. In a moment the husband is at her side and he clasps her hand firmly within his, as though he would by force prevent her leaving him. Then he puts his arm gently around her neck and kisses her ever so tenderly on the forehead. But as his lips touch her she shudders through her whole frame with a fearful shuddering, and pushes him from her, as though he were something repulsive.

"Hugh!" she cries, "Hugh! I want Hugh!"
At this the doctor moves to the door.
"Should you require me," he says, as he leaves, "I am in the next room."

"Hugh! Hugh! oh, why don't you come, Hugh!"
The husband's name is not Hugh.
"Loved one, here am I, your husband—Darling, kiss me," and again he leans over her, and again she shudders, more fearfully than before, and again she pushes him from her.

Once more she speaks, and now he tries not to hear.
"Oh, Hugh, do come! He is keeping you from me, I know he is. I am dying, Hugh. Oh come—come! I want you to say that you forgive me, Hugh. For I could not help it, Hugh—they forced me to marry him. Oh, dear Hugh, darling Hugh, do come! For I have never loved him, Hugh—never loved him! Then, more loudly still, "Never loved him!" and then there is another sigh, and she falls back, and there is silence.

They Said "Hearts."

Chicago Record.

While on one of the trains running out of Chicago recently, a suburbanite named George Affolter was called from his newspaper to make the fourth in a game of whist which had been interrupted by the departure of one of the players. The hands had been dealt around, and Affolter, noting there were thirteen cards, said:

"What is it? Hearts?"
It happened that hearts were trumps and an affirmative answer was given. On the first play Affolter gleefully threw away a king, followed it next with another high card, and was overjoyed to see that the man at his elbow was obliged to take the third trick, and the fourth, and the fifth, and so on indefinitely. Affolter was almost hysterical with joy. His partner looked strange. Things went on in the same way for some time. The Affolter faction, owing to the new man's headwork, had not taken a trick, when at length the suffering partner said:

"Say, you'll excuse me, but you play the most idiotic, outrageous, infernal game of whist that ever occurred in my experience."

Affolter was dumfounded.

"Whist!" he cried bleakly; "why, heavens, man, I've been playing the game of hearts as hard as I knew how."

A Recognition.

Melbourne Weekly Times.

Mr. Bickers. The talkativeness of women is universally acknowledged.

Mrs. Bickers—Oh, it is, is it?
Mr. Bickers—It is. The term "mother tongue" is idiomatic in most languages.

Clady's—That young man looked at you very hard. Do you know him? Dolly—I think I have seen him before, but I really can't remember whether he was the gentleman who saved my life from drowning, or merely one of those to whom I was engaged.—*Toten and Country Journal*.



Fifty Years Ago.

Grandfather's hat! And within it you see, grandfather's favorite cough remedy. Whether 'twas Asthma, Bronchitis or Croup, Or baby at night waked the house with a whoop, With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Gran'ther was sure That no cold or cough would e'er fail of a cure. In hats the styles change, but the records will show Coughs are cured as they were 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. Where other soothing elixirs palliate, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals. It is not a cheap cough syrup, which soothes but does not strengthen; it is a physician's cough remedy, and it cures. It is put up in large bottles, only, for household use. It was awarded the medal at the World's Fair of ninety-three. It has a record of

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A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.



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Slandering Canada.

An Englishman in Canada Slandering us in an English Paper—Saturday Night Offers Him a Challenge.

VERY frequently English papers contain letters, professedly written by Englishmen in Canada, in which this country is most villainously traduced. Our weather, our women, our social habits, our business methods are all attacked by these "Englishmen in our midst" who write letters home. For pure mendacity, however, all previous efforts were eclipsed by the Englishman who sent a letter from some point in Canada to *Modern Society* in reply to a letter sent to that paper by Sir Donald Smith. The writer states that "trickery and cheating exist all over Canada from the highest to the lowest," agriculture is in a state of ruin, and then:

On the subject of domestic servants, I would not advise one to come out. First-rate English servants would be entirely thrown away here, and, as Canada is already full of ignorant incapable drabs, no inferior ones are needed to swell the number. As a rule, Canadian mistresses do not know how to treat a servant, for the simple reason that so many of the so-called mistresses have themselves risen from that post. Having been accustomed to do all their own work, when they succeed in getting a servant girl they start to do the grand and cease doing any of the work.

Of course, there are mistresses who are ladies, but the great majority of them are not. Servants here are taken without any recommendation, consequently they do not care how badly they may behave, and generally walk themselves off at the most inconvenient moment possible. The greater number of them have a child with them, varying from three weeks old to several years, as the case may be, and ladies take these women (and the child as well), the mistress often having to mind the baby while the woman does the work.

I shall never forget how I was shocked (on going with a friend into her kitchen) to see the appalling sight of three young women sitting there, each one suckling an infant. I could not refrain from saying, privately, to my friend, that all the talk about the wickedness of Paris and London seemed nothing compared to a mother bringing such women into her house where she has grown-up sons and daughters. It was so bringing iniquity before their faces, and countenancing it, that the example was fearful, and so it proved, I am sorry to say.

Canada is just beginning to rue the mistake she has made in allowing a promiscuous mixture of all ages and sexes in her public schools. But I fear it will be too late before the authorities can be roused into a total separation of the sexes. Twelve years ago I was led to suppose (and that by an English university man who came out here to learn farming) that the system of education in Canada was the most splendid thing possible, as the rich and poor were equally well educated, etc. I came out to find that a more erroneous idea could not be spread about than to vaunt the Canadian system of education. Under its present form it must prove Canada's curse. The teachers themselves speak most ungrammatically, and have risen from the lowest ranks, but they have had sufficient ability to pass the Canadian standard. Scarcely anyone educated in their public schools speaks correctly, and their manners are such as might be expected from their surroundings.

This is by no means the worst part of it. The promiscuous mixing of boys and girls of all ages together does the harm. It is quite sad to see girls tearing out of the schools at noon, shouldering the boys, and being shoved by them, only to give a shove back in return. The consequence is that girls of respectable families are "hail fellow, well met" with all the common lads of the town, and they make arrangements to meet and go for walks alone; or the girls (from eleven to sixteen years of age) will actually call for a boy or lad in her father's buggy, and the two will drive about the country roads, or anywhere they like, the whole of a Saturday afternoon. I know for a fact that many of these minxes boast of how many Saturdays ahead they are thus engaged.

Canadian parents have no sort of control over their children, so they do whatever they like, and run complete riot at home and abroad. Engaged couples sit all the evening in a room by themselves, the family vacating that room for the purpose.

Canadians, as a rule, are very kind in many ways, but they are most intensely jealous of Old Country people. In fact, in business a dead set seems to be made against them.

A whole army of respectable and prosperous Old Country people will bear out SATURDAY NIGHT in saying that there is no "dead-set" made against "Old Country people." The ignorant and personally repulsive man in any country is shunned. He is shunned here as elsewhere, whether he be native born or brought hither by Dr. Barnardo.

Any observant person will further bear out in saying that the most unbearable man in all the world is the fellow from the London slums who, rescued as a boy from the gutters, taught in some mission to read and write, manages to get out to Canada, where he secures a position that enables him to dress respectably, and forthwith begins to pose as an Englishman whose family has seen better days. Nothing out here suits him. He pines for the "drawing-rooms" of his youth. His uncle the Bishop, or his cousin the Viscount, or his aunt the Duchess—they are supposed to be continually imploring him to return to England. But he won't do it—no, sir, not until he can "come in for his property."

That this unspeakable bore, brought here by Government aid, finds himself ostracized by Old Country people and Canadians alike, is not surprising. We have in Canada a host of young men who come of excellent families in England, Ireland and Scotland, and these find no difficulty in being rated exactly according to their worth. If they do not prove brilliant, they always prove well-bred and personally agreeable. Instead of having a dead-set made against them, they are sought after and favored, and they will readily certify to this fact.

Where under the sun did the writer of the above letter go with "a friend into her kitchen" and see three servant-women with infants in arms? Such a sight could only be seen in a lying-in hospital. There is no country in Europe where morality is sterner than in Canada, and where the rate of illegitimate births is so low as in Ontario.

If the writer of the letter to *Modern Society* will disclose his identity and prove a single instance wherein a servant girl keeps and nurses an illegitimate infant in the home and in the family with which she is employed, in Toronto or in any other city or town in Ontario, SATURDAY NIGHT will undertake to raise enough money to pay this Englishman's passage home to England, either first-class or steerage, as his taste may direct.

"Why are you ordering fish at this hour of the day, Clara?" "I expect my husband home this evening from a fishing trip, and he will be terribly hungry."—*Melbourne Weekly Times*.

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The Career of Sam.

SAM BAKER was leaving school. He had prophesied darkly of such a contingency days before and there was no doubt but that it was so. Had he not for the last week come to school with his "home-work" undone? Had he not for the last week "kicked up" in school? Hadn't he even "talked back" to the teacher and given "lip"? He was going into the printing business. His books were tied up in a bundle and placed conspicuously on his desk. Sam himself after prayers, leaning back in a careless, free-and-easy attitude, one arm thrown over the back of the seat, chewed gum boldly. The class looked on in boundless admiration. How could there be a doubt that Sam Baker was leaving school?

"Old Grumpy," lean, gray and shabby, sat fidgeting at his desk. There was something working in his mind. He opened and shut books, tossed papers, and at last, shoving back his chair, went to the blackboard. He broke several pieces of chalk, then walked nervously up and down, his hands all white with chalk pressing his hips and each leaving an impression of an open palm on his black coat when he occasionally lifted them to smooth down his hair. Finally he came to the edge of the platform and cleared his throat.

"You are all aware that your schoolfellow, Samuel Baker, is about to leave us to begin the battle of life. He goes from us to acquire the glorious art of printing, that noble profession which has developed so many of our great men—statesmen, novelists, poets."

The shuffle of slates and feet, the rustle of books and murmur of mumbled voices all suddenly ceased as the teacher commenced. Sam Baker's air of independence changed to one of sheepish self-consciousness.

Joe Brown whispered across the aisle to Abby Smith his fervent hope that "Grumpy would keep it up over 'rithmetic period.'"

"You have all heard of Howe, the greatest statesman Nova Scotia ever saw. How did he begin? Was he educated in any of the great universities at home or abroad? Had he the influence of wealthy friends behind him? No. No. He began his glorious career with none of these. He received his education in a printing office, he began his work in the world as a dirty, inky, printers' devil. And so with others of the world's great men—George Brown, I believe, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, I am sure, and many others. Therefore, it is my wonder that we should take a pride in the fact that one of our little community is about to enter a profession which has not only done more than any other to educate and uplift the world in its own sphere, but has graduated more illustrious men in other walks of life than any profession, trade or calling that has existed

since Wurttemberg invented the art of printing three hundred years ago."

He paused and smoothed his hair with both hands. The class stared at him with respectful attention, and then, as he proceeded, glanced at the clock, thought of the arithmetic period slipping by, caught each other's eye and, cautiously bowing their heads on their desks, chuckled silently. "Old Grumpy" went on steadily. Arithmetic hour passed. Joe Brown laboriously cabled his congratulations to Abby Smith by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, occasionally frantically erasing a mistake with a frown and a shake of his whole body. The recess bell rang. Still the master steamed ahead. The scholars exchanged indignant glances. All through recess his oration stood out on a background of muffled shouts, screams, screeches, whistles and pandemonium generally, sounding from the school-yard. After recess, still the torrent-like flow of eloquence unabated. All through "jography" it flowed; overflowed into grammar, and as the twelve o'clock bell rang he concluded:

"Who has not heard of the power of the press, a power greater than that of thrones, a power that shapes the destiny of nations? But Sam, my boy, a great power is a great responsibility—a great trust. Think of it. Do you realize the weight of responsibility that will rest on your shoulders as you go forth from these portals—who knows—perhaps forever? Bear in mind there is no man so despicable as he who abuses a trust. I hope, Samuel, you will always wield your power for good—the good of the world at large. You will mould public opinion, see that you mould it aright. I will confess to you boys that, as a young man, I had such an ambition, but I was not so fortunate as Sam. It was nipped in the bud. It will be a lasting consolation to me if I can say that one of the great men of the world received his education from me and from that sister educator—the press. Samuel, my boy, good-bye. God bless you."

And so Sam Baker departed from the scenes of school life forever.

Glee was written in large letters on the faces of the scholars next morning. They were awaiting the appearance of the schoolmaster. Suddenly Abby Smith, who sat next the door, exclaimed in an intense stage-whisper: "Jiggers."

An instant hush fell on the room, for this was the signal word of danger. The door opened. "Old Grumpy" took two steps into the room. His eyes fell on Sam Baker and he stopped as if shot.

"Sam!" he ejaculated. Sam grinned sheepishly. His books were in



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his desk and he had a pen behind his ear. "I ain't goin' to work yet after all," he said. "I'm goin' to wait till the spring. Bobbie Saunders promised me a job in the slaughter house." S. H. Toronto, Feb., 1897.

Poe's Opinion of "The Raven."

The Forum.

In the judgment of Joel Benton, Poe's fame as a poet rests for the most part upon three poems, *The Raven*, *The Bells* and *Annabel Lee*. When Poe composed *The Raven* he was on familiar terms with William Ross Wallace, author of *The Sword of Bunker Hill*, and the two poets were in the habit of reading to each other their verses. Benton vouches for the substance of the following colloquy related to him by Wallace, which shows what Poe thought of his now most famous poem:

"Wallace," said Poe, "I have just written the greatest poem that ever was written."

"Have you?" said Wallace. "That is a fine achievement."

"Would you like to hear it?" said Poe.

"Most certainly," said Wallace.

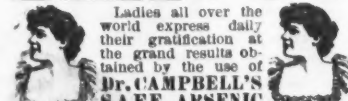
"Thereupon Poe began to read the so-to-be famous verses in his best way—which I believe was always an impressive and captivating way. When he had finished it he turned to Wallace for his approval of them—when Wallace said:

"Poe—they are fine; uncommonly fine."

"Fine?" said Poe contemptuously. "Is that all you can say for this poem? I tell you it's the greatest poem that was ever written."

"And then they separated—not, however, before Wallace had tried to placate, with somewhat more pronounced phrase, the pettish poet."

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Music.

There is at present considerable excitement in English musical circles about certain exposures concerning the doings of the Church Choir Guild or Guild of Church Musicians of London, England, and the College of Church Musicians of Leavenworth, Kansas, with which the G. C. M. has been "affiliated." It now transpires that the Chancellor of the University of Kansas, a regularly constituted institution, situated at Leavenworth, has been appealed to for information concerning the College of Church Musicians of the same place, which latter concern has been endeavoring to push its traffic in bogus degrees in England. In reply to a letter of enquiry he says:

I am greatly surprised and chagrined to know that the good name of the University of Kansas has been used in support of fraudulent degrees in music in your country.

The College of Church Musicians is in no way whatever connected with the Kansas State University. Neither has this alleged College any existence beyond the charter secured by Mr. Diamond and his four associates in December 1890. No such institution has ever been open for the reception of students in Leavenworth, Kansas, or in any other city of the State of Kansas.

The charter, which was filed for record in the office of the Secretary of State, Mr. William Higgins, December 26, 1890, authorizes the College of Church Musicians to confer degrees; but as the College has never been put into operation, the men to whom the charter for the College was granted have no right of themselves to grant degrees. There is no such institution in existence in Kansas as the College of Church Musicians.

The persons named in the charter as trustees of the proposed college are H. W. Diamond, A. Rohr, George J. Chaplin, W. H. Cotterell and W. J. Clemson. I learned by enquiry that "Doctor" Diamond has been, until about a year ago, a citizen of Leavenworth, being a traveling agent for the Leavenworth Bridge Company. We have a School of Music connected with this University at Lawrence, and one of the Professors gave "Dr." Diamond elementary lessons in harmony two or three years ago. He states that Mr. Diamond told him not long ago that he had received the degree of Doctor of Music, which he had purchased in England.

The College of Church Musicians is not known to have an existence. It appears to be a pure fraudulent scheme for imposing upon candidates for the musical degrees, who have the requisite cash for obtaining the desired diplomas. We shall be very thankful if you will send us copies of the papers and circulars which have been printed in England connecting the University of Kansas with this bogus institution, especially if you will obtain one of the diplomas actually issued by the "honorable Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Diamond." Please let us receive the desired documents which may be of use to us in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the gross fraud.

(Signed by the CHANCELLOR.)

The above will be interesting to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT who will remember my references to the alleged "college" which was some time ago threatening to canvass our Canadian musicians for "business" in the bogus degrees and millinery which constitute its stock in trade.

The Albani ballad concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening last will go upon record as having attracted the largest audience ever gathered within the immense auditorium of our leading Canadian concert hall. By actual count of tickets the audience numbered within a few of four thousand persons, and hundreds are said to have been turned away unable to gain admittance. This concert again proved that an attraction which appeals at once to the popular and artistic taste need never go begging for support. Of the concert itself little need be said. The artists participating have so recently been referred to in detail in these columns in connection with their previous opera concerts in the Grand Opera House, that it will suffice to say that in each case their efforts were received with the greatest enthusiasm, frequent recalls and encores being the order of the evening. Madame Albani, especially, sang with greater brilliancy and effect than upon the occasion of any appearance in this city for some years. Her art was in many respects faultless. Barring an unfortunate error in judgment in experimenting with a long-sustained note of high altitude in her first aria, which she struck excruciatingly out of tune and clung to grimly and defiantly to the end, her singing furnished rare delight and served as a model for aspiring young vocalists present, of whom there were hundreds in the audience. A second concert on Tuesday afternoon again attracted a large audience, the event being a benefit to Mr. C. A. E. Harris, Albani's manager.

The Sieveking recital in Association Hall on Friday evening of last week attracted a thoroughly representative audience of local music-lovers. The famous pianist presented a programme of much interest and agreeable variety, although some disappointment was felt by many at the omission of Liszt and Schumann from the list of works performed. The Beethoven sonata selected, the Moonlight, further emphasized the apparent lightness of a programme, the predominating features of which were short compositions of a popular character, in which the cantabile style was perhaps given undue prominence. Of his playing one can but speak in highest terms of praise. A phenomenal technique supporting a remarkably fine temperament and broad musical culture generally, his interpretations were such as appealed at once to all classes of listeners. He was repeatedly recalled and was four times obliged to respond to encores. His most successful numbers with the audience were Chopin's Etude, op. 10, No. 5; Mendelssohn's Song Without Words, op. 19, No. 3; Bizet's Menuet l'Arlesienne and Moszkowski's Etude de Concert, in G flat, op. 24. His own compositions revealed him in a most enviable light as a composer. The influences, particularly of Wagner and Grieg, were strongly marked in the three works from his own pen. His playing may briefly be summed up as musically in a high degree. Although lacking the virtuosity and abandon which might have been expected, he nevertheless gave an evening of pure enjoyment in which, as is often the case, there was no striving after effect through purely technical means.

A piano recital by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week attracted a very large and critical audience of music-lovers. The recital proved to be one of the very best ever given in the College, and served again to show to what extent a thoroughly equipped teacher, imbued with a

love for his art and enthusiasm regarding the progress of his pupils, may be responsible for their artistic progress. The programme introduced, besides a number of performers who have frequently been referred to in these columns in connection with local concerts, several who are less known, but who give unmistakable evidence of superior talent. One of these, Miss Jennie Byford, a young lady of but fourteen years of age, won a pronounced success in her performances. Mr. Battle also deserves special mention for his artistic work. Of the other and better known performers who contributed to the enjoyment of the instrumental part of the programme, it need only be said that their playing was worthy of the reputation of their master and a further tribute to their own talent and perseverance. These were Miss Bessie Austin, Miss Katherine Birnie, Mrs. F. W. Lee and Miss Beatrice Carter. The programme was varied by vocal selections in which Miss Eileen Millet, Miss Herson and Mr. W. J. Lawrence, pupils of Mr. Torrington and Signor Tesseman, took part.

A vocal recital of a specially interesting character was given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week by the well known tenor, Mr. Rechab Tandy. The programme, which was well calculated to demonstrate Mr. Tandy's versatility as a vocalist, embraced a fine variety of both classical and popular compositions chosen from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Raff, Blumenthal, Adams, Hope-Temple, Sullivan and Wallace. Mr. Tandy was in excellent voice and sang with power and feeling. He was most warmly received by the large audience present, and more than ever established himself as an artist of superior attainments. He was assisted by Mr. Donald Herald, who played with much skill and effect the Allegro con brio from Beethoven's Sonata, op. 33; Miss Bella Geddes, who gave a musically rendering of Weber's Rondo, op. 24; Miss Maud Gordon, pianist, Miss Lena Hayes, violinist, and Mr. Dinelli, cellist, who gave a very successful performance of Hummel's Trio, op. 93. Mr. Dinelli was also heard to advantage in several "cello solos." The accompaniments were played with good judgment by Miss Tandy and Miss Gordon.

The service of praise held at Bloor street Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening last proved one of the most successful ever given in the church. The choir of the church sang several selections in a very efficient manner, reflecting much credit upon the capable choir-master, Mr. Blight. Solos were contributed by the following talented singers: Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Edith J. Miller, Miss Agnes Forbes and Mr. W. E. Rundle, all of whom sang with their accustomed success. Of special interest were the solos rendered by Mrs. Reed, the occasion, I understand, marking her first public appearance in the city. Her fine soprano voice and sympathetic style were much admired by the large congregation present. Mrs. Blight played several solos and the accompaniments with her usual admirable skill and good taste.

The Toronto Clef Club entertained the eminent pianist, Martinus Sieveking, at their club rooms on Friday evening last after the recital. A delightful evening was spent, and the noted virtuoso was elected an honorary member of the club. In a neat and modest speech he thanked the members for the honor conferred upon him, and expressed pleasure at finding in Toronto such evidences of a kindly feeling amongst our leading professional musicians as were manifested during the evening's proceedings. Mons. Sieveking proved to be a musician of very superior attainments and great versatility, his remarks on live musical topics and his practical demonstrations in theoretical problems awakening the keenest interest among those present.

In reply to an enquiry I would say that the Toronto Male Chorus Club is the oldest of the best known local musical organizations. None of the existing societies are hoary with age, the club mentioned having just completed its fourth season. The Mendelssohn Choir, which has given an equal number of concerts, is nevertheless a year younger. The Toronto Philharmonic, under Mr. Anger, is all of two years old, and Mr. Torrington's Jubilee Chorus is now in its "first consecutive" year. There is, from time to time, some talk of a revival of the old historic Philharmonic Society, the pioneer musical organization of the city, which enjoyed an unbroken record of more than a score of years, and which collapsed about four years ago.

The concert to be given in the Jarvis street Baptist church on Thursday evening next by the choir promises to be an unusually interesting event. Among numbers to be rendered by the choir will be Gounod's six-part motette, Come Unto Him; Sullivan's motette, Yea, Thou I Walk; Mendelssohn's forty-second Psalm, Judge Me O God, for double choir; Sanctus from Gounod's Messe Solenne; Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, and Gounod's List the Cherub Host, for women's voices. Several organ solos will be played by the organist. The choir will have the assistance of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Miss Edith Miller, contralto; Miss Ida McLean, soprano; and Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist. A silver collection will be taken at the door.

A piano recital was given in Trinity Methodist church on Monday evening last by Miss J. E. Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally. Miss Williams played a well chosen list of selections from the works of Mendelssohn, Heller, Bach, Liszt, Schumann, Chopin and Moszkowski. Her playing, which was warmly received by the audience, was characterized throughout by a well grounded technique and an effective style generally. Much credit is due Mr. McNally for the manner in which his talented pupil has developed as a pianist under his instruction. The programme was made further interesting through the assistance of several prominent local vocalists, including the choir-master of the church, Mr. J. M. Sherlock.

An immense number of applications of a very superior character are being received by the officers and conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir for admission to the chorus of the society next season. It has been deemed advisable to state that no applications will be considered at present, but that due notice will be given through the columns of our local papers of the

time chosen by the committee and methods to be adopted by applicants for securing membership in the chorus. It is the intention to still further raise the standard for next season, and possibly to limit the membership to one hundred and fifty voices.

Mr. H. M. Field's programme at his recital on Tuesday evening next in Association Hall will include Beethoven's Variations in F, op. 34; Bach's Toccata in G; Mendelssohn's Etude in B flat minor; Liszt's Harmonies Poetique and Religieuse No. 3; Chopin's Prelude in B, Nocturne op. 9, No. 2, and two etudes; Sapelnikoff's Pensée a Schumann; the Wagner-Brassier Feuer-Zauber transcription; Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12 (by special desire), and the same composer's Sonnetto de Petrarca and the Polonaise in E. Mr. Field will be assisted by Miss Edith Miller, contralto, and Mrs. Adamson, violinist.

The generosity and thoughtfulness of the churchwardens and music committee at St. James' Cathedral have been strikingly demonstrated. Their energetic organist and choir-master, Mr. Stocks Hammond, who has been indisposed for some time, has been sent to Nassau, Bahama Islands, for a month's holiday at the expense of the church. One often hears of a rector being sent away, but seldom of the organist's services being appreciated so generously.

The Kingston Daily News, of a recent date, in referring to the work of Queen's University Glee Club, of which Mr. J. M. Sherlock of this city was at one time leader, says: "The Club is in better shape now than it has been for years. In the days gone by when Mr. J. M. Sherlock was at its head, perhaps it was at its best."

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Social and Personal.

Sif Casimir Gzowski has been quite ill for a few days this week, but at time of writing was reported much better. It has been said several times that the ceremonies of opening day at the Legislative Assembly were rather a heavy ordeal for our esteemed Acting Governor, and everyone will be glad to hear he is quite well again.

On Tuesday afternoon quite a nice little party of people dropped in at Mrs. Mandeville Merritt's in St. Alban street to take a cup of tea with that dear lady, and incidentally to congratulate her on the anniversary of her wedding day. Another pleasure which gathered the little party was the promise of meeting Mrs. Bond of Guelph, who is visiting Mrs. Merritt. Many friends had remembered the date, and had sent the loveliest flowers in great profusion, and the rooms were deliciously scented with roses, violets and pale pink tulips, making a summer corner on a raw February day. Mrs. Bond came in from the Albany matinee and met a chorus of welcomes. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson, Miss Hall of Guelph, Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, the Misses Montgomery, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. Kirchoffer, Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald and others were of the pleasant party.

The Greek Tea given by the Public Library in Whitby on Monday evening of last week commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Whitby Mechanics' Institute, now the Public Library of the town. Society smiled upon so happy an idea and the affair was in every way a great success. The beautiful pink chamber of the Oddfellows' building, used by the Choral Society for its weekly rehearsals on Wednesday evenings, was made to look very charming for the occasion and added much to the attractiveness of the library rooms, which it adjoins. Games and a programme of musical and literary numbers were provided for entertainment, and delicious refreshments, some of which bore classic confections in the shape of the Greek alphabet, were daintily served by nine young ladies looking very sweet and lovely in Greek costume. They were: Miss Maud Annes, Miss Berta Henderson, Miss Louie Hubbard, Miss Cora Johnson, Miss Hermione King, Miss Emily Macdonell, Miss Jean Stewart, Miss Minnie Straighton and Miss Martha Whitfield. Mrs. Dartnell, Miss King and Miss Minnie Till played piano solos; Miss Clara Warren gave a violin solo; Mrs. W. O. Johnston, Miss Ida Hatch, Mr. H. S. Asbury and Mr. Allan Adams sang solos; Miss Annie Howden recited, as did also Miss Kate Meen, who gave Byron's The Isles of Greece; Mr. F. Howard Annes, Maid of Athens, and for a recall, T. B. Aldrich's nocturne, In Bellagio; and Major Farewell, whose selection, Marcos Bozzaris, was rendered with much martial spirit. Mr. Charles King, president of the Library board, made an interesting address on taking the chair. The honors as hostesses of the evening were delightfully bestowed by Mrs. Carson and Miss Patterson, directors of the Library, and by Miss Fraser, the librarian. A portrait of Hugh Fraser, the founder and first librarian of the Whitby Mechanics' Institute, was prominently and fittingly placed on an easel upon the platform.

Mrs. J. S. Barnard of Whitby was At Home to her many friends on Friday afternoon. Miss Wilson assisted her in receiving. An orchestra played a delightful programme.

Mrs. Joshua Richardson of Whitby celebrated her birthday Thursday evening by a progressive euchre party for married people.

Mrs. J. B. McColl of 576 Jarvis street gave a delightful thimble tea on Thursday of last week.

Mr. R. L. Denison Taylor of Fort William is down on a holiday to Toronto visiting his family. Mr. Taylor and a young English friend, Mr. E. R. Wayland, are conducting a thriving grain business.

Mrs. Charles Ferguson of Oak Lodge is visiting Mrs. Sutherland of Montreal, and will later on make some stay in Ottawa during the session with Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat.

Mrs. Smart entertained a few friends at luncheon at Lindenwood on Wednesday. I am told that we are probably soon to lose Mrs. Smart for a season, as she has not been at all well since her return to Canada, and thinks of trying a balmy climate. This will be matter of regret to everyone who has the pleasure of knowing her and her two very attractive daughters.

One of the happiest and most fashionable At Homes of the season was that given by Mrs. Vardon on February 17 at her residence, 118 South Water street, Galt. There were about one hundred and eighty guests present. Mesdames Gavin Goodall, John Cherry and H. Spencer Howell assisted Mrs. Vardon in receiving, and Mrs. Will Trotter of Hagersville and Miss Lackner of Berlin entertained the guests. The continued parlors and the hall, where an orchestra discoursed music during the afternoon and evening, were beautifully decorated with palms. Little Miss Lulu Vardon, in white muslin, looking like a fairy, escorted the guests to the tea-room, where, under wreaths of smilax and pink roses, six pretty debutantes in white silk—Misses Walker, Lumsden, Kynoch, Millican, Trotter and Vardon—served a *recherche* lunch. Mrs. Vardon is well known as a most charming hostess, and the dance in the evening to which she entertained a number of young friends was most enjoyable. Mrs. Vardon will entertain a number of her married friends at dinner in a short time.

The London Hunt and Country Club Ball was a big affair of last evening.

The proposed euchre party to be given last Tuesday at Lanmar was obliged to be put off, as Mr. George Chadwick has the mumps. The prizes at the other euchre were won by Miss Kingsmill and Miss Katie Stevenson, and Mr. Rein Wadsworth and Mr. Kavanagh.

Mrs. Beatty entertained at luncheon on Wednesday afternoon.

McKee Rankin.

A THEATRICAL incident of more than ordinary moment will be the appearance at the Toronto Opera House next week of the distinguished Canadian author-actor, McKee Rankin, in a highly recommended play written by himself and called True to Life. Mr. Rankin's engagements are generally reserved for theaters where it is the custom to demand Toronto Opera House prices multiplied by three, and he and his company will come to this city direct from A. M. Palmer's Park Theater, Brooklyn, where True to Life is being presented this week at prices ranging from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. Mr. Rankin will be supported here by the original New York cast, which includes Miss Nance O'Neill, a young actress who is said to have made an unqualified hit in the metropolis. In constructing True to Life, the distinguished actor is said to have written a role for himself that is altogether different from anything in which he has been previously seen. The drama had its first production last December at the Murray Hill Theater, New York, and the following is an extract from the *Sun* of that city:

At all times a sturdy and artistic actor, Rankin seemed almost to outdo himself in his new play, and in Miss Nance O'Neill he has found a leading woman who does his training proud. She is tall, almost angular, and yet she is graceful; she is not pretty, and yet there is something about her face that you don't forget. But before all things, this woman has temperament. Her voice is deep and mellow—a cavern full of tremors, tenderness and tears. But the most remarkable feature of her performance is her repose. Where has she gained her stage experience? New York has never heard of Nance O'Neill before, but surely the art of giving such a finely graduated performance as she does, does not come by instinct alone. But wherever she has from and whoever she may be, Miss O'Neill is an actress with a future.

Parties contemplating going to Florida will do well to consult or write for illustrated literature to Mr. J. R. Walker, 15 Toronto street, Toronto, or for special railway rates and information about hotels, tourists' resorts, orange, lemon and pineapple plantations or truck farms, February, March and April being delightful months in the "Sunny South."

An International Reputation.

Mr. Frederick Lyonde, the King street photographer, is winning an international reputation for his work. During the past month no less than twenty-four of his pictures have been used in the columns of the following American publications: *Munsey's, Godeys, The Metropolitan* and *The Gallery of Players*.

Lenten Season.

We would draw the attention of our readers at this season to the splendid selection of fresh and salt fish, oysters, etc., kept by F. Simpson, 750-760 Yonge street. Mr. Simpson has undoubtedly the largest and choicest selection in the city. A perusal of his advertisement on page 3 will no doubt interest all lovers of choice fish.

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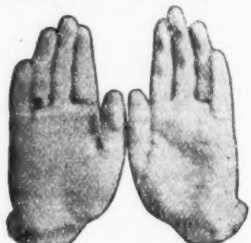
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It was with a bright face and a brisk step, however, that Charlie boarded a train early one summer holiday. He was off to spend the day at the suburban home of his uncle, Mr. Burton, where he had had many a good time; and the fact that a certain Miss Jean Ormsby was just then visiting his cousin May added not a little to his joy at leaving the hot pavements behind for a day.

He had barely seated himself when a handsome and self-satisfied-looking young man entered the car and took a seat directly opposite. The very sight of the man, as he settled himself easily and surveyed his fellow passengers with a complacent glance, dampened Charlie's high spirits. His observation assured him that he was superior intellectually to the stranger, yet as he looked at him he grew positively irritated. He tried to read his favorite paper, but he could not rid himself of the thought that he was being mentally criticized by an inferior man.

At length the train drew up at Charlie's destination, and with a feeling of relief he was gathering up his paper, when he noticed the self-possessed man getting up also. Although this gave him fresh annoyance for a moment, he concluded, of course, he would see no more of him. He alighted, and the hearty greeting of his uncle drove all unpleasant thoughts from his mind.

"By the way, Charlie," said Mr. Burton, "I expect Mr. Harrison on this train. Do you know him? No! Ah! here he is." And to Charlie's astonishment his uncle, having sighted his disagreeable traveling companion, grasped his hand, welcomed him warmly, and presented him as Mr. Harrison.

"I'm glad both you young chaps came," said Mr. Burton jovially, as they walked to his house. "You'll be company for each other."

Charlie could hardly see it in that light, and wished with all his heart he had gone with the fellows in the office to spend the day across the lake. But he had come instead to his uncle's for congeniality! As for Mr. Harrison, he took little or no notice of Charlie, but chatted familiarly to his uncle until the house was reached. Here he seemed very much at home with the entire family, while Charlie could only be spasmodically agreeable. Miss Ormsby had taken on an unfamiliar coyness, which completed his misery.

Mr. Burton had arranged to drive his little party to a favorite camping ground several miles distant, there to meet a few friends and picnic for the day.

"I always insist on an early start," he remarked. "Charlie, I wish you would hurry May up."

May was always Charlie's good friend, and he was glad to escape leaving Miss Ormsby and Harrison in lively conversation—to join his sympathetic cousin in seeing the last basket made ready.

When the carriage came to the door, Charlie, feeling he was a bore to everyone, and especially to Miss Ormsby, slipped out with his cousin and took his place beside her with a baffled grin. And as they bowed off he was thinking, as he looked at the girl in front of him, of how sincere and lovable she had been when last they met.

They made a jolly party at lunch, Mr. Burton having found his friends. Their loud expressions of gaiety brought out some of the campers, who promenade close by with envious glances. But Charlie's spirits sank in adverse ratio to the rising merriment.

Finally, someone proposed boating, and being no oarsman, Charlie remained in the middle distance long enough to see the man of brass, who had robbed him of his day's enjoyment, push off with a boatload, including Miss Ormsby. He wandered off among the trees then, to smoke away his chagrin.

He did not realize how long he had been away, when Harrison suddenly made his appearance, looking not in the least happy, with his hat aslant and an unlit cigar in his mouth.

"Can you give me a light?" he asked. "I suppose a fellow can't even have a smoke in this confounded place."

"Why, I thought you were having a good enough time," said Charlie, surprised into good humor, and holding out some matches.

"Time," repeated Harrison, as if it was the name of a horse he had lost heavily on. "I've had a miserable time. I got tired trying to make something of Miss Ormsby, so I made an excuse of looking you up. But," he went on, with the knowing look of a smoker who has just lighted up, "where did you leave Miss Burton? You and she have hung together so close all day I haven't had a word with her."

Ten minutes later Harrison and May pushing off in one of the boats, and Charlie and Miss Ormsby sitting on the river bank, were waving farewells and calling out clever remarks and good counsel to one another.

"Why have you been so cross all day?" asked Miss Ormsby at length, and although her voice sounded almost solemn after the late hilarity, Charlie felt suddenly that he was very glad he had come.

"Because you treated me as if you were sorry I was here," he answered.

"Chat," said the girl, "you know that was all your imagination."

She did not turn her eyes away from his when he looked up at her questioning. She had called him "Chat" once before, and it had helped him many a time when he was thinking too much about his little ghosts. It helped him now. So did her frank gaze.

And her name was the only word he used

just then to tell her his love story, but it was enough.

When the party gathered for tea, Harrison did not seem to be such a bad fellow after all. He chatted contentedly with Miss May. Hang it all, he seemed to be a real nice fellow. Before they parted that night they congratulated each other.

H. W. JAKWAY.

Stayner, February, '97.

Early Days in Canada.

MR. EDWARD HARRIS read a paper before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on Thursday of last week, in which he recalled many interesting facts and anecdotes of early days in Canada. It is not at all surprising that the Canadian climate is considered to be of arctic severity in view of a story told in all seriousness by Sir Francis Head in his book *The Emigrant*. He says, "My house at Toronto was warmed by hot air from a large oven, with fires in all the sitting-rooms; nevertheless the wood for my grate, which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning; and as a further instance of the climate, I may add that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my despatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink. Again, after washing in the morning, when I took some money which had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied that it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers."

"I one day enquired of a fine, ruddy, honest-looking man, who called upon me, and whose toes and instep on each foot had been amputated, how the accident happened. He told me that walking one cold day, without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe, then another, broke off, as if they had been bits of brittle sticks."

That ruddy, honest-looking man was all right!

Speaking of marriages in those early days Mr. Harris told the following story: My father and mother were visited one morning, about 1825, by Mr. McDonald of Goderich, the young surveyor for the Canada Company, and afterwards sheriff for the Huron district. He had ridden through the forest from Goderich to Long Point Bay, hearing that Judge Mitchell had two fine daughters, and desired my father's and mother's opinion as to which one they would recommend him to marry. The elder was recommended, and they all went to the judge's house, a few miles off. The eldest daughter was interviewed, and the next morning she left for Goderich, married, traveling one hundred and fifty miles on horseback, on a pillion behind her husband. No one but a surveyor and in the employ of the Canada Company could have accomplished that feat in those days.

The Love Story of the Duchess of Portland.

The Duchess of Portland has one of the most romantic love histories of any woman in England, and it is very far from being "ancient history" as yet, for she is still on the sunny side of thirty. She was Miss Dallas-Yorke, whose father was a well known officer. She was and is very tall and striking-looking, says *Woman's Life*, with a remarkably sweet, intelligent face, rather than a strictly handsome one. She had not very much money as a girl. One day, so the story goes, about five or

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six years ago, she (then quite a young girl full of fun and mischief) went with a party of friends to the "Devil's Dyke," near Brighton, where there is a certain "gipsy queen" and fortune teller. All the party got their fortunes told, and Miss Dallas-Yorke was greatly amused to hear that she was to marry "a rich young Duke." She thought this prophecy just as improbable as most young girls without money would think it, but she "reckoned without her host"—and the impetuous young Duke of Portland, whom at that time she had never seen, The Duke had been one day in Euston Station to bid farewell to some friends who were going away. He had seen them off, and was about to saunter leisurely from the station, when his eyes happened to fall upon a young lady who was looking from a carriage window in a train just about to depart. It was the Scotch express, which leaves London about two o'clock in the afternoon. "By Jove!" thought the Duke, "that's the nicest girl I ever saw; I'll marry her if she'll have me—or I'll never marry mortal woman!"—and marry her he did.

Dropping Through the Bars.

"Go away from there!" shouted an old dame to a tall, lanky man who was standing on a grating and blocking the light from her kitchen window. He turned and apologized, saying he was sorry he had interfered with her light. "Oh! it isn't that," said the old dame, looking up and down his lithe figure, "but I'm frightened lest you fall through the bars."

Governor or Viceroy.

Canadian Gazette.

In the course of his speech at Montreal Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau made a curious and somewhat belated protest against the adoption of the title of "Governor" as applied to the Queen's chief representative in Canada. An error had, he thought, been committed in the hasty preparation of the Act which designated His Excellency as Governor and the heads of the provinces as Lieutenant-Governors. The former had been invested with the prerogative of a Viceroy, and a Viceroy he

should be called, while Governor should be the title of those who are now called Lieutenant-Governors. We wonder if Mr. Chapleau thought of that when as a Federal Minister he had more power to give effect to his opinions. We know that Canada was not called a "Kingdom" at the time of Confederation because of the foolish feeling in Downing street that the United States might not like it—as if it were any business of theirs! We suppose the Governor-General was not named "Viceroy" for the same inadequate reason.

Two Rules.

Tit-Bits.

A gentleman, detained at a country railway station one bitterly cold night, and feeling chilly, went into the waiting-room, where a cheerful fire was burning. Finding time heavy on his hands, he lit a cigar to beguile the tedium of waiting. Just then a porter entered, and the gentleman remarked, pointing to the legend above the mantelpiece ("Smoking Strictly Prohibited"):

"I suppose that rule is not rigidly enforced?" "Oh, no, sir," said the porter, meaningly. "Neither is the one underneath"—indicating another which read: "Railway servants are not allowed to receive gratuities."

He got one.

The Decline of Gaelic.

One fine Sunday morning a tourist arrived at a kirk in Argyleshire, intending to enter for the English service as soon as the Gaelic was over. "Is the Gaelic service over?" he enquired of the beadle.

"No, but it will not be very long." So the tourist strolled on into the churchyard, where the tombstones lay deep in the long grass. By and by he was recalled by the shouts of the beadle, who stood at the door waving to him.

"But is the Gaelic service over?" he asked once more.

"Oh, ay! it will be over." "But I have not seen the congregation; which way did it go?"

The beadle directed his attention to a solitary figure, slowly wending his way up the hill, and said, "That's him."

A Satisfactory Showing.

GOOD RECORD FOR THE YEAR OF THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BUSINESS.

Eminently satisfactory is the showing made at the end of the financial year by the British America Assurance Company, a full report of which appears in another column. This long-established institution—it has now been in existence for sixty-three years—starts the coming year with a substantial dividend for 1896 at its back, with the fact that its Canadian fire department shows a moderate gain over the business of 1895, and with the additional fact that a certain falling off in the total premium income which has occurred is abundantly accounted for by the depression which was created in the United States by the Presidential election, with its accompanying unexampled disturbance of business. The prospects for 1897 are of the best, an additional element of strength being derived from the fact that the company has recently assumed all the Canadian business of the Agricultural Insurance Company of Watertown, N. Y., thus acquiring a number of new connections. The profit shown on the year's business is \$61,271.70, out of which two half-yearly dividends at the rate of seven per cent. per annum have been paid, while the reserve funds of the company have been increased to \$528,883.84.

An Important Announcement.

Your attention is respectfully directed to the important announcement of Messrs. Ketchum, Skinem and Cookem on page 3 of this issue.



REV. DR. RAINSFORD OF NEW YORK, FORMERLY OF TORONTO,

Who has made such a stir by preaching against the extravagance of society. This portrait is reproduced from "Saturday Night" of May 16, 1896.



Mr. Hudspeth is now settled in his studio in the Equity Chambers, where upon his walls are some of his recent landscapes, and also studies of heads done during the last year or two in Paris. The landscapes are chiefly the outcome of a sojourn in the lake district of England, and have all the feeling of mist and rain characteristic of that moist and charming part of the country. Perhaps the most important of these canvases, the most striking at least, is the one in which a mountain brook comes rushing towards one through the single arch of a little stone bridge, while in the middle distance a belt of trees and a hill-side are gray with mist, and the rain is evidently falling in the distance. A water-color of New Haven, near Edinburgh, catches the eye, leaving an impression of red roofs, tall chimneys and white clothes hanging on a line, all enveloped in a soft light. All of the canvases show careful treatment and possess individuality. Several of the landscapes and a study of a head will be sent to Ottawa for the coming Academy exhibition. Mr. Sherwood is also sending several pictures to Ottawa, including a large portrait of Dr. Davies; a smaller picture which he calls The Poet at Home, representing Longfellow seated at a table, listening to a young girl reading; two small studies of heads, both old men; a youthful newsboy, and a study of a dog's head.

At the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of fine arts this season the three winners of prizes were Mr. George de Forest Brush, with his Mother and Child, Mr. Albert Herter, with his Le Soir, and Mr. J. W. Alexander, with The Mirror. The reproductions of this last show us the graceful figure of a young woman seated on the edge of a low table and gazing into the mirror before her. It has all the simplicity and unconventionality which charmed us in Mr. Alexander's portraits of two or three years back, and apparently it has also the delightful flat painting and absence of unnecessary details which contributed so much to their charm. If there is anything to criticize unfavorably, it is the diagonal line formed by the figure and the top of the mirror; but this line is probably not as obtrusive in the original as in the black and white reproduction.

At Keppel's gallery is another interesting exhibition, that of Mr. Pennell's drawings for his illustrations of Washington Irving's Alhambra. Most of these are pen drawings, a few are in Indian-ink or gouache, and there are also some small lithographs, produced by transferring pencil sketches to stone. Mr. Whistler, who has made use of the same process, says of these: "I have seen these fresh lithographs Mr. Pennell has brought back from Spain with him—they are charming. There is a crispness in their execution and a lightness and gaiety in their arrangement as pictures that belong to the artist alone, and he only could, with the restricted means of the lithographer—and restricted indeed I have found them—have completely put sunny Spain in your frames."

The ninth annual exhibition of the Woman's Art Association of Canada will be held in the Roberts Art Galleries, 79 King street west, from March 1st to 13th. The private view will take place on Monday, March 1, at three o'clock, for the press members and friends. The contributions sent in promise a very interesting and varied display, representing our illustrators and painters. Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls

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First—I think I put my soul in that face.
Second—It would improve it if you would put your sole clear through it.—N. Y. Truth.

and Mrs. E. M. Scott of New York will be, as usual, represented, with other non-resident members, including Miss Amy Cross of The Hague, Holland, and Miss E. E. Lampert of Rochester, N.Y., while the women artists of the Dominion will contribute their work, to be sent afterwards to the branches in the following order: Hamilton, St. Thomas, Brockville, Montreal and St. John.

The sale of Mr. O'Brien's water-colors last week did not disappoint those who know him and his work. It was expected to reach the high-water mark of auction sales, so that no surprise was felt when it was announced that the amount realized was between five and six thousand dollars. For two hours the room was packed with art-lovers from Toronto and neighboring cities, all anxious to secure at least one gem. Among the fortunate ones were: Hon. G. A. Cox, who became the possessor of the large beautiful picture entitled Out Into the Night; Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. Sears, Mr. Strathy, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. (Justice) Maclellan, Mr. Thurston-Smith and others.

A remarkably fine collection of prints from the etchings and engravings of Dürer is on exhibition at the Grollier Club, New York. It is said that some of the impressions are not to be matched for clearness, and that the average is so good that no better opportunity of judging of Dürer as an engraver is likely to occur. The exhibition includes engravings after some of the Italian masters as well, such as Mantegna and Jacopo de' Barbari. The display is one which should not be missed by artists visiting New York at this time.

The American Water-Color Society is holding its thirtieth annual exhibition in the Academy of Design. The display is said to be both large and of a high average. Mr. Irving R. Wiles has been awarded the prize of \$300 for the best picture in the exhibition, but the decision does not meet with entire favor. The Green Cushion is said to be harsh in color and hard in outline; this criticism is probably a just one, as all who are familiar with his work will no doubt recall those qualities as prominent ones.

Mr. James Smith, secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, requests me to state that the date of the R. C. A. exhibition in Ottawa has not been postponed, but will open on March 10, and that all pictures must be in Ottawa and at the disposal of the hanging committee on or before March 1.

Munkacz, the painter, has become insane and been placed in an asylum. His great contemporary, Hans Makart, died insane, in consequence of overwork.

The Art Students' League of this city gave an interesting At Home on Thursday evening at their studio in Adelaide street.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles is At Home to his friends on Saturday afternoons instead of Fridays.

Mr. C. F. Mowbray has on view at No. 40 Yonge street Arcade a bust of Bishop Du-Moulin.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

His Superfluous Chance.

When the Queen street car reached Spadina avenue a great many people got off, and the talkative man who had been drinking swung amiably on the strap to which he clung and said to the severe lady who, by her manner of speech, appeared to be a schoolmistress:

"Now, we shall have a chance to breathe."

"Sir," she retorted, "you have been breathing ever since you entered the car. Chance to breathe, indeed," she said with a fine Normal school tone of scorn. "Your intoxicated breath is strong enough to assert itself without asking any chance."

He'd Better Be Good.

A small Toronto boy had evidently been doing some deep thinking upon some large problems, for the other day he said to his mother:

"Mamma, do we live again after we die?"

"Why, yes, of course, my son."

"Well," he said, authoritatively settling a theological point, "then we'll feel the fire."

Friendly Criticisms.

Two Months to Live.

That Was What a Doctor Told Mr. David Moore.

The Remarkable Experience of One Who Was an Invalid For Years—Six Doctors Treated Him Without Benefit—He Owe His Renewed Health to Following a Friend's Advice.

From the Ottawa Journal.

Mr. David Moore is a well known and much esteemed farmer living in the county of Carleton, some six miles from the village of Richmond. Mr. Moore has been an invalid for some years, and physicians failed to agree as to his ailment. Not only this but their treatment failed to restore him to health. Mr. Moore gives the following account of his illness and eventual restoration to health. He says: "My first sickness came on me when I was sixty-nine years of age. Prior to that I had always been a strong healthy man. I had a bad cough and was growing weak, and in bad health generally. I went to North Gower to consult a doctor, who after examining me said, 'Mr. Moore I am very sorry to tell you that your case is very serious, so much so that I doubt if you can live two months.' He said my trouble was a combination of asthma and bronchitis, and he gave me some medicine and some leaves to smoke which he said might relieve me. I took neither because I felt sure I had neither trouble he said, and that he did not understand my case. Two days later I went to Ottawa and consulted one of the most prominent physicians there. He gave me a thorough examination and pronounced my ailment heart trouble, and said I was liable in my present condition to drop dead at any moment. I decided to remain in the city for some time and undergo his treatment. He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, giving my name and place of residence and trouble, to carry in my pocket in case I should die suddenly. I did not seem to be getting any better under the treatment and finally left the city determined to consult a doctor nearer home. I was again examined and the idea that I had heart disease was scouted, the doctor saying there was many a man following the plow whose heart was in a worse shape than mine. I remained under the treatment of this doctor for a long time, but got no better. Then my case was made worse by an attack of la grippe, which left behind it a terrible pain in my neck and shoulders. This became so severe that I could not raise my head from my pillow without putting my hand to it and lifting it up. I doctored on until I was trying my sixth doctor, and instead of getting better was getting worse. The last doctor I had advised me to wait until the heat of summer was over when he would blister me for the pains in my neck and shoulders, which he felt sure would relieve it. I was on my way to Richmond to undergo this blistering when I met Mr. Geo. Argue, of North Gower, who told me of the wonderful cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought in him, and advised me strongly to try them. I went on to Richmond, but instead of going to the doctor's I bought some Pink Pills and returned home and began using them. Before I had finished my second box there was no room to doubt that they were helping me. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and my malady, which the doctors had failed to successfully diagnose, was rapidly leaving me. The pain also left my neck and shoulders, and after a couple of months treatment I became strong and healthy. I am now in my 77th year and thank God that I am able to go about with a feeling of good health. I still continue taking the pills occasionally, feeling sure that for a person of my age they are an excellent tonic. After the failure of so much medical treatment I feel sure that nothing else than Pink Pills could have restored me to my present condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

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by a Practical Man

(Extract from letter received from
Col. Payne)

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"I rode something over TWO THOUSAND MILES on my MASSEY-HARRIS last summer, and the most of it over country roads. It had a 72 gear, and I am not a young man, (being past 50), but I found the gear none too high. If I was making a change, would make it a little higher by taking off the 7 tooth sprocket and putting on an 8 or 9 tooth, and on the crank shaft a 22 or 23 tooth sprocket, making the gear from 72 to 80. It would not take any more force to propel a 77 gear with an 8 or 9 tooth sprocket on the back wheel than it does now with a 7 tooth and 72 gear.

"As an instance of how easy your wheels run, I might mention that last autumn I wanted to see a little of the country. I took my wheel and went to Niagara-on-the-Lake, and from there to the Falls and Buffalo, and took the ferry over to Fort Erie and came up the north shore of Lake Erie to Grand Bend on Lake Huron, and thence home to London. It was Monday morning when I left home, and on my return on Friday at 4 p.m. my cyclometer, which is correct, showed a little over four hundred miles, which, done in less than five days, over a variety of roads and hills, with a 72 gear, shows that your wheel runs exceptionally easy.

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Something Near It.

Mr. F. W. Millis, the ventriloquist, tells this story: He was in Paris, and did not know much French. Breakfasting in the Rue de Something-or-other, he remarked to the waiter, in French, that he would like ham and eggs. He had the word for ham all right, but his "desoff"—meaning "eggs"—puzzled the garcon.

"De...off—desoff!" repeated Mr. M., but the waiter got no light.

"Chooky, chooky, chooky, chooky, chook, chook, chook!" cackled the ventriloquist in his

best farmyard style, and the waiter immediately signified that he knew now, and darted off towards the cooking department. Presently he returned with a plate, and on it—not eggs, but a spring chicken!

His Careworn Brow.

Life.
First Baggage-man—Wot did yer smash dat feller's face in fer? He warn't doin' nuthin'.
Second Baggage-man—I know, but his face wuz marked "with care."

Western Assurance Company.**Forty-Sixth Annual Meeting of Shareholders.**

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the above Company was held at its offices in this City on Thursday, 25th inst. The Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President, occupied the chair, and Mr. C. C. Foster, having been appointed to act as Secretary to the Meeting, read the following ANNUAL REPORT:

In presenting the Annual Report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1896, the Directors have pleasure in stating that, while there has been a falling off in the Premium Receipts, the Revenue Account shows a profit on the year's transactions of \$119,708.43. Out of this two half-yearly Dividends, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, have been declared: \$5,732.38 has been written off for depreciation in Securities, and the balance added to Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$1,084,908.21.

Owing to the reduction in the volume of business transacted, the amount necessary to provide for running off the liability on unexpired policies is \$23,304.88 less than at the close of 1895. After making provision for this and all other liabilities, the Net Surplus has been increased to \$316,252.34.

The Directors have pleasure in acknowledging the efficient services of the Officers and Agents of the Company during the past year.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.
Total Cash Income.....\$2,336,727.95
Total Expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment.....2,217,019.52
Balance.....\$ 119,708.43

Dividends on Stock.....\$ 100,000.00
Total Assets.....2,324,427.18

Reserve Fund.....\$1,084,908.21
Cash Capital.....1,000,000.00
Subscribed Capital.....1,000,000.00

Security to Policyholders.....\$3,086,908.21

The Annual Report of the Directors having been read, the President, in moving its adoption, stated that he was pleased to be able to say that the year had not been marked by any serious individual losses such as he had had to refer to at the last Annual Meeting. The business of the Company had been carried on upon the same lines as had been followed in the past, and the results, as shown in the Statements submitted, were, he thought, upon the whole, as favorable as the most sanguine shareholder could have anticipated, bearing in mind the prevailing condition of general business throughout the continent during the year 1896. The comparatively small falling off in the premium income of the Company was such as might naturally have been looked for under the circumstances. An amount of \$5,732.38 had been written off for depreciation in securities, which was necessary to bring them to their market value at the close of the year, and which must be regarded as a very moderate shrinkage on total assets of upwards of two and a quarter millions. Briefly speaking, he said that the figures in the Report submitted showed that while the Company had done a somewhat reduced volume of business, there had been a fair margin of profit on the year's transactions—as shown in the Revenue Account—and, after paying the usual dividend of Ten per cent., and making allowance for depreciation in securities, there was an increase in the Reserve Fund of \$14,000, while a gain of close upon \$38,000 was shown in the net surplus, after making full provision to cover the liability on outstanding risks. These results, he thought, might be taken, without further comment from him, as satisfactory proof that the business was on a sound footing, and that the Officers and Agents of the Company were conducting its affairs with due regard to the interests of Shareholders, and at the same time maintaining for the "Western" the position it has long held in the estimation of the insuring public.

The Vice-President, Mr. J. J. Kenny, seconded the adoption of the Report, which was carried unanimously.

The election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen, viz.: Hon. George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Messrs. Robt. Beatty, G. R. Cockburn, George McMurrich, H. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osborne and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held subsequently, Hon. George A. Cox was re-elected President, and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg are visiting friends in town.

There was a brilliant assembly gathered at the piano works in Oshawa last Friday evening, the event being the eighth annual ball of the employees. The finishing room was converted into a magnificent ball-room, decorated with evergreens, red, white and blue bunting, ferns, flowing plants and palms adorning the window-sills. The spacious room, two hundred feet long by fifty broad, was lighted brightly with electric lights, in the center of which was erected a large platform, where Marciano and Glionna's orchestra of twenty-five pieces dispersed delightful music, and one could hardly resist tripping the light fantastic with such a perfect floor and such entrancing music as filled that immense apartment. At one end hung life-sized portraits of Mr. R. S. Williams and Mr. Robert Williams, with appropriate mottoes. To the left of the main entrance is the pipe-organ-room, where Prof. Geiger gave two recitals during the evening. Supper was served in the large room above the ball-room on *table-a-tete* tables during the evening. The main feature of the evening was a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams from the employees, of an elegant silver tea and four o'clock service, also cabinet of silver. Mr. Bradley read the address, to which Mr. Williams made an appropriate reply. There were present one thousand guests, among whom were the leading society people of Oshawa, Whitby, Bowmanville and many other surrounding towns, two hundred having gone down from Toronto by special train. The guests dispersed at 4.30 a.m. more than satisfied with the success of the evening.

A special meeting of the chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir was held last Thursday evening at their practice hall, McGill street. The president, Mr. W. E. Rundle, occupied the chair, and in an eloquent speech expressed to the members, on behalf of the officers and committee, their deep appreciation of the efforts put forth by every member of the Choir during the past season, to which they largely attributed the unparalleled success of the concert on January 28 last. Mr. F. H. Herbert responded for the chorus members in a neat and witty speech, congratulating the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, and also the executive committee, on the success of the concert and the season's work in general. He also embodied in a resolution a special vote of thanks to the secretary, Mr. A. E. Huestis, assistant secretary Mr. W. F. Hayes,

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and treasurers Messrs. Mason and Glasgow, for their share in the work of the past season. Mr. Vogt, on behalf of the executive, then presented to each member of the Choir a handsome souvenir pin in gold and enamel, with the words "Mendelssohn Choir, '97." After the impromptu singing of a few part-songs a very pleasant evening was brought to a close with Auld Lang Syne.

Mrs. Edward Sullivan entertained a few of her many friends at a progressive euchre party on Thursday evening at her residence in St. Patrick street. Dancing terminated the evening's entertainment, which was altogether very enjoyable.

Have you noticed the remarkable profile resemblance between a certain smart hostess in Beverley street and her daughter-in-law, who indeed might easily pass for her daughter on account of the same? The lines, pose of

head and expression were identical as they stood side by side at a recent smart function, each a perfect, clear-cut, cameo profile, and so exactly alike.

Lack of space forbade me to say last week what a pleasure it was to examine Mr. Alfred Boulbee's water-colors. Such dear little glimpses of French and Swiss streets! And that lovely gate and vine-wreathed wall of Carisford Castle, not to mention the bold St. Michael's Mount and that purple-and-brown hillside. I could fairly smell the gorse! I hope some Cornishman saw it and carried it off to his Canadian drawing-room or bachelor den, preferably the former, that I may see it again.

Mrs. Thomas Mackay of Hamilton, who has been visiting Mrs. Orr Boyden of 143 Bloor street west, was called home suddenly on Monday to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. S. McKay, who is reported dangerously ill.

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Births.

CRAWFORD—On Wednesday, Feb. 24, Mrs. G. W. Crawford, Chapel street, Brampton—a son.
HOWARD—Feb. 19, Mrs. G. Herbert Howard—a son.
CLEMES—Feb. 16, Mrs. A. E. Clemen—a son.
COPE—Feb. 22, Mrs. F. G. Cope—a daughter.
MONTEITH—Feb. 17, Mrs. John Monteith (Rosseau)—a daughter.

Marriages.

DAVIES—LANGLEY—Feb. 15, R. H. Davies to Winnie Langley.
ANDERSON—McGREGOR—Feb. 18, Alex. S. Anderson to Alice M. McGregor.
BALLARD—MILNE—Feb. 22, Rev. J. A. Ballard to Georgina C. Milne.

Deaths.

NORTHCOTE—Feb. 18, Elizabeth Northcote, aged 88.
MAIR—Feb. 17, James Mair, aged 74.
MERCER—Feb. 18, Sheriff Mercer, aged 81.
BADENACH—Feb. 20, William Badenach, aged 58.
HARRINGTON—Feb. 21, George M. Harrington.
BERTHON—Feb. 22, Anatole Berthon.
COXHEAD—Feb. 21, Mrs. Jonas Coxhead.
REYNOLDS—Feb. 22, William Reynolds, aged 71.
MUIR—Feb. 20, William Muir, aged 67.

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